

THE ART PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Ada Cone.

2992



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

J. J. Arakelyan, Printer, 295 Congress St., Boston.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

The Independent

\$2.00 a Year. 10 Cents a Copy

*Is Made for Thoughtful People, and Contains Sixty Pages
of Reading Matter, with Occasional Illustrations,
Divided into Four Main Departments*

THE SURVEY OF THE WORLD—A luminous and strictly unbiased account of the important events of the week told in brief paragraphs.

EDITORIALS—THE INDEPENDENT'S interpretation of these events, discussed positively and fearlessly in every field of thought—Sociology, Religion, Art, Literature, Science, Ethics, Politics, etc.

SIGNED ARTICLES—By the leading authorities in the world. "THE INDEPENDENT prints more articles from the ablest writers than any other paper in the United States."

BOOK REVIEWS—All the important books published in the English language reviewed by experts who cannot be deceived by what is faulty or trivial. A helpful guide to the book lover and book buyer.

*In these Four Departments Everything of Importance in
the Whole World is Treated*

**Send 25 Cents for Trial Subscription
Of Eight Consecutive Weeks**

THE INDEPENDENT, 130 Fulton Street, New York

t

ges

tly
in

ese
of
cs,

ld.
ers

he
ed
er

in

s

rk

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
VOLUME XIII.

NO. 2992. NOV. 9, 1901.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXXI.

THE ART PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

Great Britain and the United States have paid the efficient homage to French art which has enabled that art to enrich France. The first pours more gold upon the shrine; the second bids fair to sacrifice there more of her judgment. Meantime our materials lie in crude heaps, or are vulgarly made up, and the English group is taunted with being incompetent in art. Is this submission always to continue, to an art established by Latin Europe and unsuited to the English world, and unadapted to the future? The question concerns the industrial renown of the English name, and it concerns a good deal more, for this art threatens to destroy every other art that exists, and so to root all the beauty out of the world. The question, then, concerns humanity. I should like to consider here the French art system with relation to America. If I am able to deduce any general truths they will be applicable elsewhere.

The Americans show considerable art activity. The movement is seen in our public schools, where drawing has been obligatory for thirty years, and where the results obtained cede in nothing to those of European schools, as was witnessed by the numerous grand prizes won for them at the Paris fair. It is seen in our special art

schools, established at every important centre, in our well-stocked art museums, in the prodigious number of pictures we buy of France. It appears in the initiative in industrial art made by a little group of men in New York, counterpart of that made in England by William Morris, which has enlisted world-wide attention and created a school of followers with recruits in Europe. Lewis Tiffany and John Lafarge have raised stained glass from the dishonor in which it has lain for two centuries, and have developed it into new quality, color and form. It is visible in an original and interesting effort in architecture and in a formula for decorating and furnishing interiors, which, as it is sincere and harmonious, has created a sort of local style. No one can understand what has been accomplished in this last direction who does not know the charm of recent American country houses. But of all this activity the result is most marked in painting and sculpture. The movement timidly begun in the first half of the last century, and passing through several evolutions, with English painting at first for a model, and then French, has grown rapidly of late, and to-day, in any consideration of contemporary fine art, American production claims a prominent place.

Two currents are visible in this effort. The architectural and the industrial art accomplishment are the work of native initiative; they are born out of the good sense and energy of the people face to face with their materials and their conditions, and they are eloquent of the possibilities for a distinctively American art; but this effort is isolated. The other current is the theory and practice of art which the Americans have adopted from Europe. Fine art has all the honors. The professional art schools, with a course of cast drawing followed by life drawing, under professors trained in Paris, are producing results similar to those of European schools, turning out, after the European plan, men and women vowed to the practice of painting and sculpture; and the industrial art schools, and in general all art teaching, are so arranged as to impress the pupil with the idea that, though industrial art is all very well for small talent, the Simon Pure expression of art, and the only one worthy of great talent, is "art for no use." And since this art has its cleverest modern realization in France, French fine art has been set up for American emulation. It is stated that some fifteen hundred Americans at the same time study art in Paris. To facilitate this study an American school for women has just been established there, in imitation of the French school at Rome, where American students may go, to be directly under the eye of French masters, to inoculate themselves with French methods and French results.

We are trying to develop a native art by applying the processes of Europe. Innovators in so much else, it has not occurred to us to question the efficacy of these processes, much less their results. It has seemed to us that art was something we had left behind us in going into exile, and we have looked across the ocean, and said:

How shall we get this art? And we have continued under the impression that art methods and an art ideal must be imported from France.

It is an error. In spite of the tremendous horizon of our geographic position we have not seen far enough. We have not seen that the theory of art which has prevailed in Europe since the 17th century has effectually hindered native expression wherever it has taken foothold; we have not observed its æsthetic feebleness and the inability of its methods to create beauty. We have, without sufficient reasoning, placed France in the position of an authority, and we have gone to school to an artificial procedure and to a practice in decay.

The adoption of this course in America is a threatened disaster. For on the one hand the characteristics of this art are such that the nation which borrows them necessarily puts a clog on the development of its natural æsthetic expression; and on the other hand, if we look at the conditions of American life, it appears evident that a people in these conditions which takes European fine art to be a suitable channel for its own expression is a people which has mistaken its way. These two points considered, if they seem to prove the assertion, should leave us in view of the ideal path to the ideal end.

Where is there any proof that the teaching and practice of fine art will develop a native art expression? For what is a native art if it is not the effort of a people shaping its materials into form? By continual effort at adjusting form more and more perfectly to the qualities of material and to the destined use, the workman arrives at the maximum of utility, which is itself an æsthetic expression. I know this is a heresy according to the interpretation of æsthetics now in vogue, but the interpretation needs, surely, to be re-

vised, since it leaves out a great category of Oriental art. By catering to more refined uses the expression grows more refined, till materials are raised to such quality of texture, color and form that they speak of the ideal to all the senses. Art which follows this means will be an expression of the community which made it, and it will have the quality of the infinite, that is to say, the possibilities of life and growth in it. Its characteristics will be evident in the elementary efforts to shape crude materials into use, and its highest expression will be but a continuous development of the same characteristics, as a spoken language is formed. And by striving to satisfy the desires of the same community, the workers arrive at unique formulas of harmony, in other words, at a national expression.

And what is modern fine art? A work divorced from utility as its first condition, and, therefore, separated from the people. A representation of life, of history, of dogma, isolated in a frame, or otherwise detached from its surroundings, an intellectual idea clothed by art laws, in which the intellectual tends to prime the æsthetic, which itself is reduced to a question of processes scarcely appreciated outside the profession except by critics specially trained. This art necessitates an artificial method of instruction. It is learned; however interesting, it is a dead language.

It is supposed to be a sign of cultivation to appreciate this art, and so it ends by usurping the place of all art. The artisan population, no longer encouraged to develop utility into beauty, cease æsthetic creation and begin to copy what those more instructed than they invent, and there results what is known as "applied art," the application to useful objects of pictures, of forms copied from nature or from sculpture, with which they have no re-

lation, and whose destination they disguise, thus carrying "art for no use" into industry in scorn for the useful. In order that a few people may see the annual exhibition of canvases, the world is condemned to a reign of ugliness.

Where fine art flourishes native art dies out.

Look at the country Americans propose as their model to-day, at the country whose art predominance has hindered the development of English art. Look at France. The history of her art is a tragedy, and the reader will let me, at the risk of telling a story already known, recall the phases of it.

No people, perhaps, were ever better tempered for art production than the French, and in the beginning they had a beautiful art. From the 12th to the 17th century, in all domains of industry, in every workshop, there were artists. All that left their hands was beautiful. They made, in the first centuries, tissues fit to place beside those of Byzantium; their forged iron unrolled its traceries over doors and windows, giving, with the maximum of force, the quintessence of beauty. Every piece of furniture, however rudely carved, spoke of the infinite, because it was the outward and necessary sign of the life which made it; statuettes, naïve expression of beliefs, raised wood to its apotheosis; Gothic temples rose as by magic. All this was worthy a place beside any school of art the world has seen; it was natural æsthetic speech. But fine art came in the 17th century, and as if a tornado had swept over France all this beautiful art disappeared. It died. Its results are in museums, and will never again be equalled by the same community, unless France should consent to go back again to question utility; which she will not do as long as the other States of the West are without

art and continue to pay her the homage of following her lead.

The transition became official with Louis XIV. A philosopher (Hutcheson) was found to separate, with logic, the beautiful from the useful, to deny even that the beautiful is derived from physical sensations. The career of fine art begins. Italy at this time set the fashion, and the Greek Renaissance came to France through this source. Raphael, in the latter part of his career, mixed the classic with natural expression; he was the first to commit this great fault, and France followed Raphael. The King imposed the study of Greek art on French artists, and established the Academy as the executive head of the new policy, the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts" for special instruction, and the school at Rome to complete the deformation of the French mind.

The new system consisted for iconographic art in correcting all forms after the antique. Where the type of the race had been reproduced all men must now be reduced to a conventional foreign measure. The pose also, no longer after nature, must be sought in the taste of the Greeks, and to this end the Academy established a formula for every figure. If it was a soldier he must look like Mars, if the king he must resemble Apollo, etc. The passions as well must be depicted after the Greeks, and all the forms of expression found in Raphael and the classics were collected into plates for school use, and a prize was instituted for their best reproduction. These plates, or similar ones, are in service still to-day; copies of them were to be seen at the Paris fair, made by French, made by English, made by American children. Literature at the same time fell under the yoke, and while Le Brun painted the king in the costume of Alexander, Corneille and Racine rejected French subjects for those of

Greece and Rome. It became a tenet that French art must come from Italy. And this absurd Latin pedagogy was deliberately adopted. There was no conscience in it. It was the fashion; above all, it was the will of the King.

In England Hogarth protested, and it was because England withstood the current that our language could have an epic literature, while France succumbed to the yoke of the Academy. The Flemings also kept to their natural expression, and produced a Rembrandt and an Albert Durer. The red heels of Versailles scoffed at these men, and told each other in classic phrase why they were not artists. They called them "Gothic" in disdain.

Poussin and Le Brun formed the Academy, which interpreted Rome, and the provinces were invited to shape their schools to interpret the Academy. Rouen objected, but succumbed with the rest, for there were no longer any honors to be gained outside the treadmill established. Academic professors were sent to the provincial schools, and the pupils passing by these schools were sent up to Paris, and from there were directed towards Rome. The prescriptions forbade even a too long stay at Paris; "It was necessary to go to Rome before the taste was formed." Thus the starting point was the antique; then behind the antique came Raphael, behind Raphael Poussin, and behind Poussin Le Brun. All these masters were copied, and they copied each other in succession. There is no longer any question of art with its roots in the soil; there is only a circuit. The Academy dictates to the "Ecole des Beaux-Arts," which is a place to gain the *prix de Rome*, which leads to the honors of the Academy.

May I reinforce this judgment on the transition period? I am sustained by the teaching of the late M. Louis Courrajo, curator and professor at the Louvre, who combatted with valiance

the theories of the Academy, and who died in despair, saying that the country was completely *abrutit*.

The 18th century saw the two currents, the French instinct and the Academy following the school of Bologna, in a death struggle. Here and there one resisted. Bouchardin had his art temperament broken in and nearly ruined at Rome by the study of the antique, and his story is an epitome of all the rest. He writes to his father that he is hard at work trying to get rid of all his French ideas. He adds that from time to time he lapses and exercises himself in designing according to the spirit of his native country, and regrets that he cannot more quickly destroy his French instincts. He lapsed sometimes in his after work, which greatly shocked the court, and thus he produced several pieces which rank him now as the greatest sculptor of his day. But gradually he stuffs his real nature out "for fear of what Mars and Apollo will say, and the great ladies at Versailles." The Academy triumphed. And they thought this deforming of the national genius the beginning of the grandeur of France! In the picturesque language of M. Courajod, the Academy thought the world awaited Canova.

The new theory consisted for industrial art in hiding all evidence of utility. What was useful was vile. This idea was favored by the political conditions; power had become despotic, and between the aristocracy and the people had come a profound breach. The new art worked for the aristocracy, which demanded only luxury. Materials and objects which serve necessity are presented under forms which distract the mind from their use. Table-legs are carved into royal monograms and panels are hidden under Boucher landscapes, in which meander young women corrected after the Farnese Hercules. Iron is discarded, and

more precious metals, scorning to play the part of strength, run in festoons of sculptured flowers held up by cherubs corrected after Raphael. And a race of artists, inheritors of a temperament made by centuries of æsthetic effort, trained now to an artificial art, raised the style Louis XIV to the most superb expression of frivolous luxury which perhaps the world has known.

The people saw their old art disdained, and they left it in neglect. They had no means to procure the new art which was the fashion; neither if they had would it have been related to anything in their lives. It was an art for the rich alone. The artist no longer draws his strength from the soil. Where formerly he interrogated life—where face to face with his materials he had always a new problem or a possible new solution and so where art was living—now he cultivates an official manner and produces a factitious art. The native expression is in decadence.

With the next reign the conditions have been accentuated. France still possesses the greatest amount of talent in Europe, with the most complete means of instruction, and still dazzles the world with her production. But the artists inherit less of the native force of their predecessors, and the artificiality is more confirmed. This art is already weakening, and with Louis XVI its action is done. It lived just as long as it could draw any substance from the mediæval art it despised, and when that force was spent it died. The Revolution produced the classicism of the Empire, which replaced frivolity with intellectuality. It was more interesting, but it was no more than the other the speech of the people. Art is now completely divorced from use. The splendidly artificial furniture-making has disappeared with the courtesans who demanded it, and the artists, proclaiming boldly "art for no

use," confine themselves to painting canvas. The people govern politically, and in them all power to produce beauty has been stamped out. A law had been in force since Louis XIV forbidding artisans to become artists under pain of a thousand pounds fine. Useful arts left to workmen who are no longer artists, are reduced to copies of the Louis styles for humble homes with which they have no relation. The rich are reduced to the same extremity. Copies of these styles spread over Europe and America, and house furnishing is reduced to the extreme of vulgarity. The modern theory of art has accomplished its work. Æsthetic tradition is lost. If you want art now you must buy it in a frame at so much a yard.

Thus the French lost their natural integrity in art. Thus the Gothic soul perished. "In æsthetics," M. Courra-jod was wont to lament, "we have invented nothing! We have copied all! We have not conceived art without Italy. The Academy has trafficked away the soul of France."

A century has passed, and French arts, produced always after the same formula, are still a model for the West. Is it because, under this formula, they have risen again to excellence, or is it only because the rest of us have done nothing? Our judgment on them is obscured by a long habit of faith; nevertheless, try to see them for a moment objectively; and first the Government industries should afford a measure of the value of the system.

The Gobelins and Savonnerie were established by Louis XIV. There had been tapestry made in France before, pure decoration, after the manner of Arras; but this did not correspond to the new formula. The work set for the Gobelins was to reproduce painted pictures in weaving. In the words of the Academic historian of the Gobelins, Eugene Muntz, "the painter

and the weaver collaborate to achieve a problem nearly insoluble, that of weaving real scenes, where fidelity is required, even to the minutest details." This factory has never had any other pretention than that of copying pictures. This is the purest official expression of "applied" art. For the weavers there is no question of æsthetic initiative, but only of mechanical perfection. These fabrics suppose a tissue without defect, and it does not appear that in this respect there has been any falling off, though the preoccupation of the painters with perspective imitations has increased the difficulties. Where the old Arras created its marvels with no more than twenty colors, Chevreul, in our times, passes for having endowed the Gobelins with 1,440 colors! The pictures are degenerate which are furnished for copies, and the recent work of the Gobelins is detestable. I appeal to all who saw it at the Exposition.

As for the Savonnerie, it was started to make Turkish carpets at Paris, the usage of which had come from Asia with the Crusades. It postulated, therefore, æsthetic creation. But with the new theory of applied art it deviated at the outset from its model, and this is so true that the famous carpet for the gallery of Apollo at the Louvre, which took nearly the whole of the reign to make, has for its design landscapes, medallions, arms, trophies and natural flowers. After two hundred years the same characteristics are in a carpet made for the Elysée, and shown at the recent World's Fair. It is made up of elements borrowed from the Persian, from natural flowers, from Roman acanthus scrolls, and its crudity of line and color forbid it to be compared for a moment with the carpet of two hundred years ago.

At Sèvres the same formula has produced similar results. Never in its most interesting days, if we may judge

by the pieces in the Sèvres and Louvre museums, has it equalled the Chinese porcelain. How could it? The Oriental artist starts out to ennoble his material. With him the quality of the paste is all. The color design has for its first reason to glorify the material, to show its quality under new aspects; and its further interest is a supplementary adornment, as moss veils a rosebud. At the beginning of the 19th century Sèvres was completely hiding its paste, and disguising the utility of its pieces, under gold and miniature portraits. In the soup-plate was a picture of the King of Rome, and Napoleon's waistcoat was under the roast. What can be said of this work is that it was difficult to do and that it was exquisitely done; but of the æsthetic qualities which make the senses vibrate at the contemplation of a piece of Chinese porcelain it has none at all. As to what Sèvres is to-day I may quote a French critic, M. Arsène Alexandre, who published an article in the "*Figaro*" two years ago on the decadence of Sèvres. "It has," he says, "for a long time past done very little, but at least it aimed at a cold and sterile perfection, deprived of art, but meritorious from the view point of an industry. To-day even this is lost. The products of Sèvres exposed at Chicago were, from the artistic view-point, of an almost comic effect."

And if the Government industries, born out of the new formula, have not thrived, neither have any of the others. Furniture-making reaches the height of its effort when it has exquisitely copied the past, and these copies are all that people of taste ask to-day of French makers. It is sufficient to recall the pieces shown at the Salons of the last few years to know that any attempt to originate furniture produces monstrosities. The bedstead, the table, are regarded as pieces upon which a foreign idea may be grafted. There

was a table at the World's Fair carved to simulate a tree trunk; the roots formed the feet, the trunk the support and the lower branches formed the table. M. Robert de la Sizeranne, in an article in one of the French reviews, vaunts the logic of this design. His approbation shows the view-point of the French school. The idea of use must be glossed over, and another idea substituted, on the pretence that the judgment of taste can be exercised only on objects without finality. The identification of finality with utility is the characteristic and the fault of the French school. It has prevented impersonal creation and kept them mere imitators of nature. It makes their arts when compared with those of the Oriental school, appear trivial and superficial. The table is reasoned but from the inconsequential proposition that a tree trunk may be made to serve as a table. The artist has but perpetuated a very poor wit, which, if it piques the curiosity once, the second time it meets the eye is intolerable.

Bronze and brass light fixtures are a French specialty. Their ingenuity, delicacy, grace and variety of form are extraordinary; at the World's Fair the eye was dazzled by the wilderness of these objects and by their matchless skill. Their design is governed by the same fault. The point of departure is the same trivial wit, a relation discovered between natural objects, a flower, a feather, a human being, and the necessary form. For reasoning based on the destination of the object the general impression given by the French exhibit could not compare with Louis Tiffany's lamps, which were one of the æsthetic joys of the Exposition; nor even with the unpretentious fixtures in the United States pavilion, reasoned with a surprising justness and simplicity. But there is no need to go out of France for a contrast. Placed beside the precious old iron candlesticks

and lamps in the French retrospective exhibit, what a commentary on the modern teaching of art!

Everybody knows the history of French wall paper. It has had its seasons of hideous flat repeats, of natural bouquets, of imitations of velvet and of *moiré* silk. We have all been more or less submissive to these fashions in turn. It has been largely discarded for English paper with people of taste, even in France, and in America it is rejected for the recent interiors of which I have spoken. In carpets the French formula has always been particularly shocking, and since the Eastern markets have become easily accessible, French carpet-makers have had to come back to their point of departure of two hundred years ago, an imitation of Turkey. But it is needless to specialize; there is a museum of silks at Lyons with its tissues arranged historically, and it furnishes a complete view of the downward course of French art. These tissues begin with Mediæval France, purely æsthetic, then comes the sumptuous, if cold, magnificence of Louis XIV, and from then a steady decline, till they grew so bad that the women refused to wear them, and the rule of plain silks came in. Since then Lyons has been copying birds, flowers and ostrich feathers in relief, with the preoccupation of deceiving the eye. To this "art for no use" has reduced Lyons silks.

A recent attempt to do some "art pieces" in pewter and other common metals has been vaunted as a sign of the revival of industrial art. London saw the best specimens of this so-called revival at the Grafton Galleries in 1893. It consists of the application of fine art, of women in hysterical poses after the modern French fashion, to pitchers and plates. Charpentier's door-locks exhibited in London, and again at the World's Fair, are designs which would be just as well suited to

tombstones. One has only to look at these pieces to understand how thoroughly the French have unlearned the idea of exalting utility. It is impossible that there should be a revival of art by this method.

France has had no industrial arts for a hundred years.

I know what will be objected to this. French art industries taken altogether are superior to those of other countries of the West. I understand by art the skill and knowledge to realize a conception. The French temperament is the most artistic in Europe, which is to say it is the most sensitive to order, to rhythm, to harmony. A formula once posed, the French artist pursues it with incomparable logic, and with a refinement of execution which in all the Western world defies comparison. His work has all these virtues; it is even because of these virtues that he succeeds in imposing a bad æsthetic upon us.

There is still another reason for the French success. They are the only skilled artisans who have catered for the habits of modern life. If there are other art centres on the globe they have been familiar with other conditions, not with ours. Considering the Western nations as a collectivity, the art industries of the whole have been produced in France. It is the French who have developed the art formula in fashion, and who have best interpreted it. For this reason their work is the authority, it is the model ideal. Whatever has pleased the French has seemed to the rest of the community to be superior. Thus the direction of taste has been established; thus the formula has fastened itself on our entrails.

This is why the æsthetic has died out of these arts without its loss being perceived by the community. This is why any effort on the parts of the group to free itself from the tutelage

of France becomes so difficult that even the United States, apt in all else at initiative, fall into the routine, and permit the processes of picture-making to invade their teaching of art.

And this picture-making, for which so much has been sacrificed, what compensation does it offer? When the French public goes of a Sunday to the Cluny Museum to contemplate its ancestral treasures, to see the precious dressers and linen chests, and all the beauty with which its young age surrounded itself, can it be consoled with the reflection that it has replaced all this by something more worthy?

Have the painters offered them not only beauty but as a surplus great or noble truths? If they have, their work may go towards the elevation of humanity, and the sacrifice may be justified. If they have not, they have done no more than narrow beauty to the limits of a frame.

It is in the tradition of canvas-painting to put itself at the service of great ideas. When the Latin Church proposed to it to embody its abstract dogmas in human figures, it charged it with a great mission, a mission pedagogic, in a high sense useful. The masses were ignorant, and were more easily taught by symbols, and the artist worked with joy at realizing an unseen world in whose existence he devoutly believed. This art translated what were held to be eternal truths. It was also in the tradition of this art to realize beauty; for at this same moment natural aesthetic expression was most developed in Europe, and in his Madonnas, portraits of the first pretty mamma in his village, the artist made you see all the here and hereafter. The concordant result was the wonderful religious art we know, masterpieces of human achievement, which remain for all time the apology for canvas-painting. This art has in its tradition both

beauty and great thought. Has it either to-day?

When Europeans ceased to be interested in the hierarchy of the over-yonder, and the masses became literary, this art would perhaps have subsided into the natural auxiliary place which belongs to it, had not the aristocratic idea intervened, and through the Academy forced into this channel all other art whatsoever. At the same time that this art was set up as official and became everybody's art, it lost its religious mission and its natural aesthetic expression. The Academy proposed to it, and proposes to it still to-day, to supply one and the other with the classic model, while perhaps the greater number of artists have broken away to the study of nature. When the great painter of the extreme Orient, Hokousai, explains to his pupils that "Japanese art aims at color and form without attaching importance to relief, and that European art seeks to deceive the eye" (de Goncourt, Hokousai), he marks the leading trait of this art to those who stand outside its influence. True, the limitations are more or less synthetized, the effort is made to develop a phase. The French painter is likely to tell you that the ideal of production is the "morceau," the work which, without regard to subject, is of impeccable technique. Still, those who cry art for art loudest must have a subject, and this art remains essentially imitative. A proof of it is the preoccupation with perspective which has developed. It now takes 1,440 colors to tell all that the artist knows about atmosphere.

The work of this art to-day is the transcription of nature, but it is felt that this is not enough, and French art has supplied the empty place of religious passion by carnal passion. In order to speak to the senses it has resorted to sensuality, which is a sign that it is in great straits. These nude

women, with dissolute faces and more dissolute poses, seem to have been seen in pothouses between absinthes. This characteristic is not confined to the mediocre among French artists. I invoke the work of the sculptor most in view to-day, Rodin. This artist had a pavilion to himself at the World's Fair. A large number of the pieces he showed there were of nude women, rolled and bent and twisted into ignoble postures which could not be described, or even imagined, by people of sensibility, and of nude men and women amorously interlaced in poses which would certainly have surprised the Greeks, and which were perhaps never before exposed to the public. I know it is shocking to speak of them, though such is the aberration that it is perfectly proper for young American and English girls to go and see them, and to hang over them with the eyes of pretended connoisseurs. If the air of this exhibition was surcharged with sensuality—one may ask what sort of Saturnalia can reign in studios where such scenes are reproduced from life, and then one may realize to what depth this art has fallen since Fra Angelico's time. This is not perversity on the part of the artists; it is the logical condition of an art essentially imitative, which, disdaining to be of pedagogic use as illustration, and having no longer any religious mission, finds the need to explain its reason for being. The French artists have the courage of the situation.

I appeal to all who have followed the annual Salons; this art is as barren of æsthetic expression as it is of ideas. The religious section of sculpture for church purposes, fallen so low as to be refused access to art galleries, is of revolting naturalism, with emaciated Christs covered with coagulated blood and Marys weeping tears of real crystal; while for the annual crop of pictures, I should be curious to see the

visitor who had walked through the recent galleries not to say without fatigue but without heartsickness, who could say he had found in this at once complicated and puerile technique, any repose, any sensuous pleasure. The French have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage.

This is the art which dazzles the Western world; which is proposed as the ultimate end of all art endeavor; which we spend our time in imitating, with more commonplaceness than the French and less skill; this is the art for which we live in ugliness, which has become a devouring Melkarth into whose arms the West is anxious to throw its children, to which America with her pretended perspicacity is willing to bow down. It is for this that our houses are vulgar, and that we are reduced to read of beauty in the *Thousand and One Nights' Tales*. It is because we spend our days at this shrine that the gold and the silver and the wood and the clay of Great Britain and of America lie crude, and that the future of commerce remains in doubt. Is there no way to save us from this folly?

The principle of imitation has ruined French art. It has not only done this; it long ago killed a glorious art in the Spanish Peninsula which it was powerless to replace; it has paralyzed art development in every country of the West, and it now threatens to gain the East. Japan brought to the World's Fair a roomful of canvases painted after the European manner. The judges and the public neglected this manifestation as it deserved, and gave their medals and their patronage to the native art, which was one of the æsthetic demonstrations of the Fair; but this will not hinder the Japanese from coming the next time with two rooms full instead of one. Perhaps they are right to take time by the forelock, as those Orientals who do not

adopt this art will find their own killed in time by our ignorance. England has made some struggle to react against this influence; but in England, as in America, as everywhere else, the superstition of fine art has entered, and the fine art critic reasons glibly, and given his premises reasons with logic on *chiaro-oscuro* and other mysteries, and everywhere the public imagines that a pretended knowledge of fine art is a sign of refinement. We are all snobbishly afraid to raise a voice. We dare not say to the annual exhibition of canvas: This is rubbish; let us go and create beauty. We dare not trail our fashionable idols in the dust, even before the living God.

The art teaching in the United States is organized, as it is in Europe, to propagate this ruin. Nevertheless the system of public school drawing, inaugurated there in 1870, was in many ways very remarkable. It was inaugurated by an Englishman, Walter Smith, though I am ignorant as to how much of its formula was of English origin. The first years are given to creative design. Every one familiar with the work in the United States, or doubtless the same work elsewhere, knows how easy it is for children to acquire the elementary principles of design, and with what delight they use them to create new forms. That a decoration on a flat surface should never look anything but flat is a precept of simple honesty which appeals to children, and they will soon look with disdain on a comrade who permits himself to imitate a natural flower or to produce an effect of relief in his work. I insist upon this; the creative faculties are awake. Why are not these children a little later on set to studying materials, and the relation which may exist between materials and the life of the community? I am not presuming to formulate a method, but it seems to me possible that Agassiz has

indicated the way. It is said that when a pupil applied to this scientist for instruction, he was not set to learning what other people had discovered, but he was shut up alone in a room with a fish¹ and told to come to the professor at night with all he had been able to learn about it. Why not say to the pupil in art: Here is a material; your problem is to shape it into form, every part of which you will explain, on the one hand by its qualities and on the other by the use to which you destine it. Such study would have no relation to the learning of a trade; it would be simple practice in developing the creative faculties in the direction of form. The primary and grammar school teaching of drawing in the United States a few years ago was an admirable preparation for the development of such problems. But we have not understood this; we have not understood art without France; and so we have developed the imitative idea. The mechanical drawing being directed into a special channel (where it may be said in parenthesis it has accomplished marvels) and there being left the branch considered more especially artistic, we have imposed upon this branch two subjects, designing and free-hand drawing as understood in Europe. The last is composed of cast-drawing and perspective. I understand by perspective all copying of objects with a view to imitation. The pupils are set to hunting light and shade on casts, and to copying nature. If they have been well trained in the lower classes they revolt at this less intelligent form of work; they regard with amazement the teacher who proposes to them this heresy. What a commentary on "high art" is in the repugnance of these children! But they are apt, and they soon learn that creative design is little considered, and that the imitation of nature gains all the honors, and from that time on

the evil is done. It is as easy as this to corrupt youth!

The designing is an analysis of flower forms with the copying of some plates of historic ornament. If the European knew how, as the Oriental does, to detach his line from the source whence he takes it, and make it speak an impersonal language, a new message to each one that sees it, each time it is seen, he would understand all the absurdity of erecting the analysis of flowers into the principal study for decorative art. But since his ideas are a modification of fine art, and he does not know how to create the æsthetic, he depends on flower forms to supply his ignorance. These forms, however conventionalized, give no other idea than that of flower growth, and since general ideas drawn from flowers are necessarily limited, and the varying of their details is necessarily trivial, this flower decoration is insufferable. As to plates of historic ornament, if it had not been erected into a dogma it would be easy to see that the hours spent in copying them will not help us in our problem before our materials. It has had no effect in Europe, and it can have none with us. The facts are evidence that this is not the sort of teaching to develop the æsthetic faculties. French art did her most precious work before she began to study these procedures, and from the hour she began to study them her æsthetic expression declined. The two hundred years spent in chasing lights and shades over surfaces has but enabled the French to paint with extraordinary skill Napoleon's pantaloons on their soup-plates; the flower analysis has led them to substitute flowers for creative ideas; the copying of historic ornament results in weaving Roman sculptured acanthus scrolls in carpets. It must have the same result everywhere else. On such exercises American pupils are wasting their time. It

is a fatal mistake to confound the teaching of æsthetics with the teaching of European art.

The Oriental races, which have developed great schools of art, have ignored or else have eliminated these procedures. They have not copied nature; they have rejected as foreign matter relief effects, and they have not separated art from the useful. Mussulman art, say of Persia, for example, is a revelation of what an art can be which speaks the primitive language of emotion. There is no rehash of analyzed flowers here; every touch has the interest of a new creation. These screens made of bits of appliquéd flannel evoke a sensuous pleasure unknown to Lyons silks, beside which Marie Leczinska's Gobelin screen, rated a masterpiece of French industrial art, is a laughable crudity. These brass lamps show how art may glorify matter and consecrate utility. Whoever has seen a room hung with Persian silk carpets has given his senses a foretaste of Paradise. In these carpets a bloom of color palpitates without fixing the eye. The forms, if one looks for them, are horsemen, elephants, tigers, birds, flowers, verses of the Koran, but one must make a needless effort to know this. It does not matter. They do not ask attention for themselves; they are not subjective; they are impersonal. And how eloquent! A few pure hues are so varied as to seem endless. The disembodied color glows and beams and envelops like an aroma, the senses are beguiled and the tired mind, relaxed, abandons itself to dream of the infinite. This is pure æsthetic creation, and it knows nothing about perspective or flower analysis.

Did any one ever receive such sensations, there is no need to ask from a gallery of modern pictures, but from any textiles or other objects of art produced in France or elsewhere after the

European formula? The Gobelins may be beautiful as a by-product, particularly if so worn out as to be undecipherable, but it is not that by first intention; it is a picture teasing the mind to recall this episode or that episode of history or of literature. It asks you to decide of what period are the costumes, and the architecture, and what is the meaning of the postures? And from a promenade across these objects the mind returns fatigued with ideas. Those that made it have studied nature drawing and flower analysis. This art is not æsthetic; it is cerebral.

This element of nature-drawing has worked like a gangrene in the American schools. The proof of it was in the class-work sent to Paris. It has gone down into the primary classes, crowding hard on the former creative design, and children of seven years old are now copying landscapes in color.

The situation is confirmed by the official report on drawing made by the department of education for the United States Commission to the Exposition. It is said in this report that the public school drawing, which began thirty years ago with such promise for æsthetic culture, has had its best energies diverted to a preparation for the mechanical trades, and that the æsthetic element is officially neglected. "The failure of the art idea," it says, "is so evident that we can point to but a single training school where some æsthetic culture is still attempted." It says again: "In the opportunities offered for the training of youth in the industries of applied art, the United States to-day are hardly in any better condition to contend successfully with the industrial products of Europe than they were in 1870." Thus fine art methods have begun their work of ruin in America, and thus the first part of the demonstration I set out to make, namely, that this art must clog the de-

velopment of native æsthetic expression, is, I think, completely made.

This art is particularly incongruous in America because life there is less based on tradition than elsewhere. The educated populace has grown past the age of symbols, and each unit of it is occupied with problems of the future. American life is ordered, not from the top down, but from the humble upwards, and an American art, to be consistent, should be the speech of the people. A democracy expects all its members to be useful, but what can it profit a community that a man should spend his time in imitating nature? Such effort is sterile, and the more talent it has consumed the more deplorable it is. A truly democratic art is one which exalts materials into beauty for the benefit of all. The artist, if he succeeds, has interpreted the life around him, and his work becomes the common patrimony. Again, a community which professes to develop the powers of all its members makes a strange mistake in choosing for a model ideal an art which is exclusively a masculine expression. This art limps, and the large number of women now pursuing it does not disqualify the statement, neither was it a caprice when the young men of the Beaux-Arts mobbed the young women admitted to the school two years ago. The French system has pretended from the first, to have an art made by men only. Women have been excluded from its schools and its honors, and they have been cut off from the classical, philosophical and dogmatic knowledge for which in the past it has professed to be the vehicle. It has been an art exclusively by men exclusively for men, a singularity which, if I am not mistaken, marks it off from all other art that the world has seen. In all times elsewhere, wherever there has been an art, in India, in China, in Persia, in the deserts of Arabia, æsthetic crea-

tion has been the work in common of men and women. America should aspire to a complete art, based on modern development, and for this the world has given no model. It is all to create.

In common with all English communities America has a moral development which will not permit her to resort to the means which have served the French to keep a semblance of life in the fine art cadaver. The nude is absurd in an English community. I know this opinion is likely to be jeered at, just as would have been in Poussin's day a protestation against picturing Frenchmen in the togas of the ancient Greeks. The toga was a ground dogma, and so to-day is nudity. Both fashions have the same psychological origin, a desire to substitute for the work of creating beauty a beauty ready made, with in the last case a preoccupation the more. If our artists undertake the subject they go by a false route, and the sentiment of the community is betrayed in their work; I want for illustration of it no more than the nude women painted over the door of the United States pavilion at the Paris Exposition, who had the air of modest Americans undressed to be shown to the world. We have not the habit of nudity. Has anybody except equatorial savages and a clique of French painters who live among the Phrynes of Montmartre?

The French follow logic boldly, wherever it takes them. We do not; if it runs against moral habit we prefer compromises and mediocrity, and for this reason, because either way we take it this art must always be handicapped for us, it is not a suitable means for English expression. Neither can English-speaking women afford to admit the degradation of women to which it has sometimes descended. Every form, grace, possible circumstance of

woman's life has been violated to express debauch and dragged to the public gaze to give stimulus to this art. Such production is a flaunting insolence in woman's regard, and is completely out of joint with our civilization.

It is true we buy this art of France. We buy a great deal of it even. Taine wondered curiously what could become of the several miles of canvas of the annual Salons. The London and New York picture dealers could have told him something about it. No one supposes it is digested in France. It would perhaps be found that the French art collectors, outside a certain class, are not very keen upon it; among them are some who know that there is more æsthetic pleasure to be got out of a Japanese print at fifty centimes than out of all the five thousand canvases of the Salon. It is permitted, moreover, to believe that but for our markets a large proportion of French painters would be forced to give their talents to other matters, which would be so much moral gain for France. We buy this art because we imagine that the possession of it is a proof of refined taste. We are so convinced of this in the United States, that when, a few years ago, the Government put a tax on its entry, we accused the law-makers of being the enemies of the human kind, and the hullabaloo was kept up till the tax was removed. The obstinacy with which we cling to this art keeps us eternally in the tutelage of France, and will make us despised by our new neighbors, the races of the East, who will not be slow to find out our weak point.

Excepting illustration, which is the real modern rôle of imitative art, and which the painters disdain, is canvas-painting to-day really a work for serious minds? As long as it had a mission, so long great men used it for their expression, and still to-day the

occasional rare soul creates with it noble thoughts and beauty, but such men grow scarce. The age has moved on to more rapid speech. Also there would seem to be a contradiction in finding healthily-balanced minds occupied with imitating atmospheric effects or passing their time in reproducing "the simplicity of a pose." No doubt these things are very difficult to do, but they do not seem to be worth doing.

One more reason why this art is superannuated in America, a capital one. Canvas-painting had most reason to be when it was the vehicle for dogmas concerning a future life, but America does not seek the infinite in these dogmas. I know America has the reputation of being religious, and it is, I should think, true that nowhere else are traditional dogmas regarded with more filial piety. But if respect for them is considered a sacred duty, it is only a duty; they are a patrimony which the generations transmit intact because they were legaced to them intact. And with all due respect to an inherited religion, how could it be otherwise than that European religious symbols should speak a strange language to Americans? How should they have thought of the Universal Being as seated upon a throne, they who fled from thrones into the wilderness! And how should they have imagined a future life under a hierarchy grouped round the footstool of a despot? These are mediæval heirlooms, and heirlooms, as everybody knows, are best kept rolled preciously in a napkin. The Americans have not hesitated to leave them there and to create a modified form of religion for their daily use.

The religious movement in the United States was analyzed in an official monograph published for the American section of social economics at the Paris fair. The writer there says that the large proportion of the population is quite alienated from the

churches, and he does not hesitate to assert that the time has gone by when Americans can be interested in a religion "which is more associated with death than with life; which has emphasized eternity rather than time, the other world rather than this." "The newer activities recognize the dignity and worth of the human body and the importance of its needs. Men are not looking so far afield to find God and heaven and duty. Religion is dealing less in futures and laying more emphasis on the present. There is less spurning of earth to gain heaven, and more effort to bring heaven down to earth." The doctrine of vicarious atonement is antipathetic: "We are learning that whatsoever society sows that must it also reap; that pauperism, intemperance, vice and crime are as natural as any other harvests, and that to hope to escape effects without removing their causes is to mock God, who is a God of law," etc.

The Americans are transforming their ancestral religion, and an outward sign of the change is a new type of church architecture. "To the auditorium there have been added parlors for the cultivation of social life; reading-rooms, class-rooms, workshops for intellectual and for industrial training, and what is more remarkable still, facilities for physical culture and recreation, a gymnasium, baths, very likely a swimming pool, and perhaps a bowling alley."

When French art ceased to believe it created no religious substitute. When it wants churches it contents itself with a Mediæval resuscitation, which marks an essential difference in character between the Americans and the French, and shows why the art of one can never, in logic, be the art of the other. The religious movement in the United States has no more use for Mediæval church architecture than it has for symbolic pictures of abstrac-

tions. Its face is not set towards the past, it is inspired by a live thought, the brotherhood of man, and it will have a worthy art when it throws away all vestiges of European tradition and creates its own vehicle to express this ideal. It is for the American to see that the cup he offers to his thirsty brother is a worthy one; here lies all the future of American art.

To conclude. The United States have something better to do than to make themselves an echo of the ruin of Europe. Our geographical and social conditions are different; we face an age in which materials have acquired a new meaning; in which the future poses new questions to art which art must answer. The French system evades these problems; we are not in the habit of shirking responsibilities, and we should find solutions. It is not in imitative drawing or in flower analyzing, or in acanthus scroll copying that we should advance. An art to cope with the future implies the rejection of these methods. Our problems lie between us and our materials, and our art, to be truly ours, and to be truly great, must be born out of the labor of the people. It is for us to learn that "if art wishes to be divine its action must be useful to the world."

The Contemporary Review.

How is it that the English race, with its grand horizons, has not seen that the imitative art born in southern Europe is not a final manifestation of art, but only an accidental phase of a momentary condition already passed away? If the French on occasion cover us with insults, although we are their principal clients for art, they dare this because they believe us incapable of aesthetic independence. For so long we have maintained in France a multitude of artists, buying all they can fabricate, and stupidly trying to imitate it, that it is not their fault but our own if they take us for imbeciles. Is this never to cease? Are we never to break away from these devotees of a worn-out art, who "squat-
ted upon the ruins of their antique ivory towers," know nothing of life nor ever interrogate the future? Are we always in art to rake dead embers, we who have contributed so much else to life? Are our workers, because of this bigotry, to remain always mere manufacturing machines, and never to know the joy in labor which comes from creating beauty? Are we, who have made possible the commerce of the world, to sit helplessly wedged between Japan and France, between two arts, delivered over to the exploitation of both? It is unworthy of us.

Ada Cone.

REFLEX ACTION AND INSTINCT.*

In the Paris "Journal of Anatomy and Physiology" of 1869 there was reported by Robin an experiment on the body of a criminal whose head had been removed an hour previously, at the level of the fourth cervical vertebra. The skin around the nipple was scratched with the point of a scalpel.

* A paper read before the Derby Medical Society by W. Benthall, M.B., on April 2, 1901.

Immediately there ensued a series of rapid movements in the upper extremity which had been extended on the table. The hand was brought across the chest to the pit of the stomach, simultaneously with the semiflexion of the fore-arm and inward rotation of the arm, a movement of defence, as it were.

Probably none of us have seen quite

so impressive an illustration of reflex action as the above, but most of us have watched the experiment in which a frog, having been decapitated and a drop of acid having been applied to its skin, the foot of the same side is brought up to wipe away the acid, and if this foot be cut off, after some ineffectual effort and a short period of hesitation, the same action will be performed by the foot on the opposite side. These symptoms of apparently purposive action on the part of a brainless body have always struck me as most strange.

Some four years ago I had the privilege of reading to you a paper on memory, from which I will now quote:—"When we attempt to acquire some new feat of manual dexterity, involving a series of combined muscular movements, such as a conjuring trick, we find that, when first attempted, each movement has to be thought out, and the whole is effected with difficulty. Every time that the process is repeated the action becomes more easy; each movement of the muscles involved follows its predecessor with greater readiness, and at last the trick becomes apparently one action, is performed without thought, and may be said to be automatic. The nerve structures involved have acquired a perfect memory of what is required of them; each takes up its part at the proper moment, and hands on in succession an intimation to its neighbor that it is time to transmit the expected impulse. Nerve centres have been educated. An organic memory has been established."

I went on to give instances in which, by frequent practice, actions had become so habitual as to take place on the application of the stimulus without the will of the individual, and even contrary to his wish. I gave as an illustration the story of the old soldier who was carrying a pie down the

street, when some one mischievously crying "Attention!" down went the soldier's hands to his trousers seams, and down went his dinner in the mud.

Let us apply this effect of constant practice to the case in question. The frog has a smooth, soft skin, unprotected by hair or scales. His haunts are stagnant water which swarms with injurious insects and other enemies; or the banks of ponds and streams abounding in sticks and stubs. From the time when the first progressive tadpole protruded his incipient legs, the race of frogs has been brushing away irritating substances. The nerve cells of their spinal cords have established such relations that whenever a sense of irritation is conveyed to sensory cells, motor cells in connection are brought into action, and a complicated muscular movement follows, without the necessity of the interference of the will.

We may compare the association of nerve cells in the spinal cord to a group of men highly drilled in particular evolutions. Each individual cell of the group maintains relations with others near it by some one or more of its many arms. Upon the receipt of the intimation through sensory nerves and cells that there is something burning a particular portion of the frog's skin, motor cells accustomed to act with these sensory cells send out messages to particular muscles. If the message is responded to, if the foot comes up and the offending particle is brushed away, the stimulus and the effort cease. If the stimulus still goes on, other cells which supply accessory muscles are called into play. If this effort to remove the offending matter is vain, and the irritation still goes on, the stimulus is passed on to other cells, which have in an emergency previously been in the habit of assisting; the stimulus thus travels to the opposite side of the spinal cord, and the other

leg now comes up to the point required.

It is the effect of drill, of practice, in the forgotten past. I am aware that in making this statement I am assuming the inheritance of acquired powers—an assumption directly in opposition to the views of Weismann, who maintains that no powers acquired during the lifetime of the individual are transmitted to the progeny.

The development of the reflexes and instincts which we shall refer to will be seen to be of such importance to the maintenance of the life of the individual or to the procreation of its race, that the slow and gradual formation of nervous connections can probably be explained by the Weismann theory; but for our purposes to-night the assumption of the inheritance of acquired powers enormously increases the ease with which we can understand their development.

The idea of this paper is therefore that, as in the *individual*, constant habit causes in time such a free connection between nerve cells as to facilitate the passage from cell to cell of a particular stimulus until the action follows the stimulus automatically, so in the *race* a particular response to a particular stimulus has been repeated so often that the connection has become congenitally perfect, has become, in fact, what we know as a reflex. And, further, that the frequent repetition of particular actions under similar stimuli has so influenced the *intelligent* actions of the animal, that *they* also have become engrafted upon the nerve system, and recur under the influence of similar stimuli in an automatic manner; the result of these reactions of the intelligence to a particular stimulus being what we know as instincts.

The great advantage of a reflex is the certainty and usually the rapidity with which it acts. The response to

the stimulus does not have to travel round through the brain. It takes a short cut. With imperfect reflexes the animal is at the mercy of its surroundings.

Nature does not pass imperfect work. The eye reflexes, for instance, have been developed by constant practice. If through their failure an animal were partially blinded, some self-constituted Factory Inspector in Nature's workshop would soon get on the blind side of that animal, and there would be no chance of its perpetuating its failings. If the cough reflex failed some septic fly would quickly start a fatal pneumonia.

Assuming that all reflexes have been developed by practice, it follows that our own are not merely aids to the diagnosis of disease at the hands of the physician, but are now, or have been, of use in some period of our history.

A year or two ago in the "British Medical Journal," there was a very interesting description of the strength of the reflex grip of the newly-born infant, this being sufficient to maintain the weight of the child for some minutes while hanging from a stick. This the writer attributed to the necessities of a time before perambulators, when a child had to hang on for bare life to its mother's hair or clothes. The inward-turned feet of the newly-born child and the plantar reflex point to a time when the feet were used for climbing and for grasping.

Many of the superficial reflexes were probably developed to get rid of flies and other irritants which must constantly have troubled the naked body. The reflex action exhibited by the decapitated body, described at the commencement of this paper, was attributed by the observer to an attempt at self-defence. I think it was more probably an attempt at scratching, an act which was probably habitual in our

hairy ancestors, as it is now in our poor relations at the Zoo—a movement, in fact, strictly analogous to the movement of the frog's foot incited by the irritation of the acid. To assume that there was an intention of defence in the action imports into the movement an element of consciousness for which in the absence of the brain we have no warrant; and this brings us to the question of instincts, which have been defined as reflex actions into which an element of consciousness has been imported.

I will endeavor to trace an ascending scale of instincts showing their dependence on reflex excitation. A newly-born infant has to be placed to the breast; it then seizes the nipple with its lips and sucks. There is little difference between the reflex action incited by the contact of the maternal nipple with the infant's mouth and the cough or sneeze reflex; both are complicated actions of many groups of muscles. In the one case, spasmodic; in the other, rhythmical. The young of the rabbit, born blind and helpless, nuzzles about till it finds a nipple, and then takes its hold. The lamb, calf, or fawn, guided by sight and smell, seeks its mother's teat. In each of these cases a stimulus is required, either of touch, sight, or smell. Without the stimulus the experiment fails.

Fawns are peculiarly precocious. From the first they show a tendency to crouch and hide on the approach of danger. The following is an extraordinary instance of combination of maternal and infant instinct:—

"I have had frequent opportunities," says the "Naturalist in La Plata," "of observing the young from one to three days old of the *Cervus campestris*, the common deer of the Pampas, and the perfection of its instincts at that tender age seems very wonderful in a ruminant. When the doe with fawn

is approached by a horseman, even when accompanied by dogs, she stands perfectly motionless, gazing fixedly at the enemy, the fawn motionless by her side; and suddenly as if at a preconcerted signal, the fawn rushes away from her at its utmost speed, and going to a distance of 600 to 1,000 yards, conceals itself in a hollow in the ground or among the long grass, lying down very close with neck stretched out horizontally, and will thus remain until sought by the dam. When very young it will allow itself to be taken, making no further effort to escape. After the fawn has run away, the doe still maintains her statuesque attitude, as if to await the onset; and when, and only when the dogs are close upon her, she also rushes away, but invariably in a direction as nearly opposite to the fawn as possible. At first she runs slowly with a limping gait, and frequently pausing as if to entice her enemy on like a partridge, duck, or plover when driven from its young; but as the dogs begin to press her more closely her speed increases, becoming greater the further she succeeds in leading them from the starting point."

In considering this case we have to remember that the deer is, as a rule, a woodland animal, and that its fawn, while feeble, crouches under cover, of which there is plenty within immediate reach; but the deer of the Pampas lives on rolling prairies where the only cover is the isolated tufts of Pampas grass. While, therefore, the instinct to crouch is sufficient for the fawns of most deer, crouching in the immediate neighborhood of the surprise would be useless in the open ground of the Pampas; and this artificial combination of tactics has doubtless been developed by practice.

In birds we get even more marked differences in connate powers and instincts, from the naked young of the

sparrow, which is nearly as helpless as the human baby, to the newly-hatched chicken, which is a regular little man-about-town at once. The habits of the latter have been closely studied. Hatched out in an incubator, and deprived of all maternal instruction and example, he quickly begins to peck at all small objects, with a preference for moving ones, and from the first shows an almost perfect power of estimating distance and direction, which is very marvellous when we consider the great number of muscles which have to be co-ordinated in the act.

The late Mr. Douglas Spalding placed beyond question the view that all the supposed examples of instincts may be nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction, but also proved that a young bird comes into the world with an amount and a nicety of ancestral knowledge that is highly astonishing. Thus speaking of chickens which he liberated from the egg and hooded before their eyes had been able to perform any act of vision, he says that on removing the hood after a period varying from one to three days, "almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behavior was, however, in every case, conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience or of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often, at the end of two minutes, they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to

judge and to measure distance with something like infallible accuracy. A chicken was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant, at twelve minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it. For about thirty minutes more it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of about its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was no road there. It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as straight a line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight."

In this experiment each movement of the chicken appears to have been started by an external stimulus. It pecked at the flies which it saw. It jumped or evaded the objects which it saw in its path. It remained stationary until its hereditary tendencies were stimulated by the sound and sight of the old hen in its neighborhood.

Mr. Spalding again says:—"The art of scraping in search of food, which, if anything, might be acquired by imitation, is nevertheless another indubitable instinct. Without any oppor-

tunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally the condition of the ground was suggestive, but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consisted of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table." Mr. Spalding, however, does not seem to have seen them scrape unless the ground was suggestive, and Dr. Allen Thompson hatched out some chickens on a carpet where he kept them for several days. They showed no inclination to scrape because the stimulus applied to their feet was of too novel a character to call into action their hereditary instinct; but when Dr. Thompson sprinkled a little gravel on the carpet, and so supplied the appropriate or customary stimulus, the chickens immediately began their scraping movements. Here, again, we see the hereditary instinct requiring a local stimulus to bring it about.

Mr. Spalding again says:—"A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was, on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk in a cupboard just behind us gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear." Generations of young turkeys must in their native home have had cause to dread the cry of birds of prey; and the hereditary lesson had been well learned.

A water-bird was reared from the

egg by another observer. It would swim freely, but he could not get it to dive by any means which he tried. One day, while watching it in the water, a dog suddenly appeared on the bank. The necessary stimulus was applied; the hereditary reflex was set in action, and in the twinkling of an eye the bird had dived.

Handed down from generation to generation as these instincts have been, and impressed upon their owners by the imperative law that failure to inherit an instinct or a reflex meant death to the degenerate, these reactions persist long after they have failed to be of use.

As Dr. Louis Robinson has pointed out, the horse roamed, in a wild state, over plains of more or less long grass and low bushes. When a horse is alarmed he throws up his head to get as wide a view as possible. The cow, on the other hand, keeps her head low as if to peer under the boughs which covered the marshy grass of her jungle home. The horse's chief danger lay when, as he approached a stream to drink, he was liable to be sprung upon by a lurking lion; and to this day the two things that a horse dreads most are the rustling in bushes or reeds by the road-side and the wheelbarrow or tree-stump which his imagination depicts as a crouching enemy.

The dog once formed his lair in rough stuff, and now, when approaching sleep gives the accustomed stimulus, our pet dogs turn round three times upon the hearthrug to smooth down imaginary grass stubbs. As an instance of an instinct which by its persistence under altered circumstances has become actually prejudicial, I may give the case of some shore-birds which had for many years nested upon flats covered with pebbles. As long as the pebbles remained, the eggs, which closely resembled them in markings, were rendered inconspicuous.

ous, but as the sea receded and grass grew, the pebbles became few and far between. The birds still, however, kept to their haunt, and actually collected pebbles around their eggs, thereby rendering their nests the more conspicuous.

In domestic fowls the habit of cackling as soon as they have laid an egg would certainly be detrimental to a wild race, and Hudson makes some interesting remarks on the modified habit in a semiferal race. The Creolla fowls, descended through three hundred years from the fowls introduced by the early settlers in La Plata, are much persecuted by foxes, skunks, etc., ever on the lookout for their eggs or themselves. These fowls in summer always lived in small parties, each party composed of one cock and as many hens as he could collect—usually three or four. Each family occupied its own feeding-ground, where it would pass a greater portion of each day. The hen would nest at a considerable distance from the feeding-ground, sometimes as far as four or five hundred yards away.

After laying an egg she would quit the nest, not walking from it as other fowls do, but flying, the flight extending to a distance of from fifteen to about fifty yards; after which, still keeping silence, she would walk or run, until, arrived at the feeding-ground, she would begin to cackle. At once the cock, if within hearing, would utter a responsive cackle, whereupon she would run to him and cackle no more. Frequently the cackling call-note would not be uttered more than two or three times, sometimes only once, and in a much lower tone than in fowls of other breeds. If we may assume that these fowls in their long semi-independent existence in La Plata have reverted to the original instincts of the wild *Gallus bankiva*, we can see how advantageous the cackling in-

stinct must be in enabling the hen in dense tropical jungles to rejoin the flock after laying an egg, while if there are egg-eating animals in the jungle intelligent enough to discover the meaning of such a short subdued cackle, they would still be unable to find the nest by going back on the bird's scent, since she flies from the nest in the first place! It is obvious that while this form of cackling is useful, excessive cackling would in a state of nature lead to its own suppression.

We may suppose that as the wild fowl became more and more closely domesticated the eggs of the greater cacklers were more rapidly found and preserved by their mistresses, and this tended to increase the tendency to cackle; while in the half-wild fowls of settlers who had plenty to do besides looking after their poultry, there was a gradual reversion to the wild type by the elimination of the eggs of loud cacklers when not rapidly retrieved.

Birds which nest within a short distance of the ground display, as a rule, great skill in concealing their nests, and are very conservative in type. How is it that one chaffinch's nest is so like another's?

Gregarious birds like rooks have opportunities for learning by imitation, and may thus have lost some of their spontaneous skill. I have read somewhere that, when rooks were introduced into the Antipodes, young birds having been selected for transportation, they were found when the breeding season came round, to be at fault, and finally imitated the nest of some native bird; but chaffinches build apart from one another; how, then, do they get their nests so nearly alike? A great observer has suggested that this is due to recollection on the part of the nesting pair of the home in which they were reared. This explanation does

not commend itself to my mind, and is refuted, if not by the instance of the rooks just quoted, by the fact that tame canaries hatched in a nest of felt will, when they themselves breed, use moss for the foundation of their nest, and hair as a lining, just as a wild bird would do, although as they build in a box the hair alone would be sufficient.

If you want examples of what pure instinct can do, go to the insect world. There you get them in infinite variety. Hatched from the egg long after the death of the mother, the majority of insects have to depend entirely on the duly ordered reaction of their nervous organisms to stimuli similar to those which have for ages incited their fore-runners.

The bot of horses has been hatched from the egg inside the stomach of its host. After some nine months' residence in the intestines, it is passed with the faeces and subsequently becomes the bot-fly. Until it becomes a perfect insect it has never seen the outside of a horse, and yet, as soon as it sees one, it knows exactly where to deposit its eggs in a position from which they can be licked off and swallowed in their turn. The sight and perhaps the smell of the horse is sufficient to inspire the hereditary desire to deposit eggs in a particular spot. If the stimulus and its reaction were insufficient, that particular bot-fly would cease to propagate.

The garden spider, again, hatched from an egg laid the previous autumn, brings an enormous amount of hereditary skill into the vicissitudes of its life. It selects its site, builds its web, adapts it according to the most approved plans to fortuitous circumstances, and distinguishes between harmless flies and dangerous wasps with an innate cunning which is an exact replica of the actions of the last year's brood. The nest of the trapdoor spider,

too, is quite as wonderful a production as the nest of any bird.

Caterpillars, when they have reached their full growth, display great skill in selecting appropriate hiding places in which to pass into the chrysalis form, and those which weave cocoons do so in recognized stages. Huber has described one which makes, by a succession of processes, a very complicated hammock for its metamorphosis; and he found that if he took a caterpillar which had completed its hammock up to say the sixth stage of construction, and put it into a hammock completed only to the third stage, the caterpillar did not seem puzzled, but completed the fourth, fifth and sixth stages of construction. If, however, a caterpillar were taken out of a hammock made up for instance, to the third stage, and put into one finished up to the ninth stage, so that much of its work was done for it, far from feeling the benefit of this, it was much embarrassed, and forced even to go over the already finished work, starting from the third stage which it had left off at, before it could complete its hammock. In this experiment it would appear that each instinctive action calls other actions in definite order, and unless the proper sequence is maintained the intelligence of the insect is unequal to bridging the gap.

Now let us apply the facts and inferences aforesaid to the nesting of the chaffinch. We have seen how habits acquired during the lifetime of the individual impress themselves upon the nervous connections, until, when the accustomed stimulus is applied, they become quite independent of the will. We have seen how certain reflex phenomena which are necessary for the life of the individual have, through congenital connections, become so automatic, that they take place whether the brain is present or not. We have seen how habits of wild animals have,

through similar nervous bonds, been handed down to tame descendants long after the said habits were useless and even detrimental. We have noted that ancestral habits may lie in abeyance until some perhaps unexpected stimulus arouses them—for instance, the scraping of chickens when placed upon gravel, or the diving of a water-bird upon sudden fright. We have ascertained that many of these instincts are certainly not due to instruction by older animals, but are purely spontaneous; that in insects these spontaneous actions are often most complicated, and are sometimes *not only* carried out in definite order, as in the weaving of their cocoons, but *cannot* be carried out except in that definite order.

The inference I draw is that the nest-building of the chaffinch is due to a succession of reflexes. You remember that when Alice was wandering about in Wonderland, she was con-

Nature.

tinually coming upon medicine-bottles, marked "Drink me," or upon pieces of cake marked "Eat me." You remember that when Alice obeyed these directions strange things happened. Alice was able to decipher her labels by the result of long and painful study in her nursery. Had they been written in the Cuneiform character, though perhaps perfectly intelligible to another, they would have conveyed nothing to her. The nervous system of the chaffinch has been educated by generations of hereditary experiences, and when the newly-wedded chaffinch pair start upon their housekeeping, they see in their mind's eye, upon some suitable site, a label marked "Build here;" they go through the stages of their architecture much as the caterpillar spins the different stages of its cocoon, each stage suggesting its successor; and each twig, hair, or feather which they use, bears upon it a label, "Use me next."

SYBIL'S SIN.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

Somehow the sight of Nurse Cartwright's face, and the unconcealed hate in it, gave Candida courage. She turned to the impassive man in black who had made himself comfortable in the corner of the cabin, newspaper in hand.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I return to England with you to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon? Oh! please, please put it off until—that is, there is some one wounded, and I cannot leave until I know how he is."

Candida's attitude was one of pathetic appeal.

Mr. Halloway's smile drifted into nothingness. He himself was not used to such criminals. Pity seized him for this pretty girl, who appeared to think that the law could afford to study the wishes of its victims.

"I have my instructions," he said, with a shrug. "I am afraid, Miss Cope, I can't get out of them. Where is he?"

"It is Lieutenant Barker. He was shot at Belmont," replied Candida tremulously. It was cruel that she should thus be obliged to sow the seeds of miserable conjectures in this man's mind.

But Mr. Halloway didn't seem to see any particular suggestiveness in her words.

"I'll find out for you, if I can," he said. "Some lists came on board with me. Er—I must lock you in, you know. And, by the way, I'd better have the—diamonds."

"Oh, I shall be so glad!" exclaimed Candida.

She opened her box as eagerly as a boy attacking his school hamper, and gave Mr. Halloway the tiara. She smiled a trifle wanly as she said:

"Now they will be safe!"

Mr. Halloway was surprised.

He examined the stones, which were all he expected and more; and then he looked piercingly at Candida, whose expression was one of genuine relief. She was a very unusual sort of felon.

"You will be sure to take great care of them?" she said.

"I guess I'll do my best," he replied, with a brief, formal laugh. "Lieutenant—who did you say?"

"Barker."

"Same name as— Oh, I see."

The key was put in the outer side of the door and turned, and Mr. Halloway went on deck, just a little interested in the drama of which so far he held on to a single strand only. Candida's sudden blushes told him that there was something more in the affair than met the eye. That as a matter of course, however. There always is, in any human occurrence. His pity for his prisoner increased without effort on his part.

Now it flashed upon Candida that she might prepare the road a little for the melancholy march through the near future to which she had resigned herself. Burkitt was alive, perhaps. His name must not be besmirched, as it certainly would be if the machinations of his little sister were exposed. He might forget her. Many men compel their hearts to act independently of memory; they are happy to have that power. But, on the other hand, family honor is a white symbol which,

once smeared black, carries the blot down through the ages as an unforgettable disgrace.

It were hard, wrong too, to urge Sybil to live down to her lie for the rest of her days. Yet better that than that Burkitt and his grandmother should suffer for the wickedness of their own stock. Life all through is a compromise. In nature, as in human society, the weak must be a sacrifice to the strong.

Thus sophistically Candida found, without seeking it, ample encouragement to write what she proposed to write. It was a letter to Sybil as follows:—

"My dear Sybil,—Some day you will be so sorry and ashamed for what you have done. Until then I shall say nothing more, for it is better your grandmother and your brother should think I am a thief than that they should know you have done this thing. Dear Sybil, pray to Heaven to make you a better girl; and pray, too, for me. It is too late now for you to do anything but pray, for I would rather go to prison—much rather—than that people should know you have been so wicked.—Your affectionate friend,

Candida Cope."

She wrote this on the fly-leaf of a book and tore out the page. For the envelope she must trust to chance; she believed that Mr. Halloway would only be fulfilling his duty in denying her aught but the necessities of life until she stood before the magistrates.

The letter was finished when some one knocked at her door.

"Miss Cope—aren't you coming?" cried Tom Partridge from the corridor.

"I'm locked in," said Candida. Her chance had soon come, if by another chance the key was in the door. But that was too much to expect from Mr. Halloway. Tom Partridge, however,

called one of the stewards to his aid, wondering and indignant. With a duplicate key the door was opened.

"How did it happen?" the young doctor began, only to be checked by Candida's radiant eyes and quick words. She shut the door.

"Mr. Partridge, do something for me, please. Put this in an envelope and address it to Miss Sybil Barker, Tree Manor. And send it by the very first post—the very first. Will you?"

"Why, of course, Miss Cope. But"—He glanced at her box and hand-bag, and again she interrupted him with a wistful smile.

"I'm not coming ashore yet," she said.

If Mr. Holloway himself had not at that moment returned, Dr. Partridge might have accepted Candida's words as one more hint that she did not want to be troubled by his society, and he would have gone away a little sorry for himself and nothing more. But the detective at once threw a lurid light on the situation.

"Who opened this door?" he demanded.

"Go, Mr. Partridge, please!" said Candida, with unconscious shame in her face.

Tom Partridge was puzzled. But the man's tone seemed to him peculiarly offensive, and of course his identity was a mystery.

"I *got* it opened," he replied. His eyes petitioned Candida for information. If only she would request him to squeeze the fellow through the port-hole!

Mr. Holloway calmly removed the second key.

Candida's face made the young doctor's heart ache with emotion.

"I must trouble you to leave this cabin at once," said the detective, facing round.

"Yes, please do," whispered Candida, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Miss Cope," said Tom Partridge, dismally; "and if there is anything—"

"That will do, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Holloway, who then shut the door.

Tom Partridge stood fuming outside for a second or two, and then he made straight tracks for Captain Bronson.

"Sorry to have to seem so rude," said Mr. Holloway to Candida, less dictatorially now that they were alone. "That sort of thing is irregular. The Lieutenant Barker you were inquiring about is nearly convalescent."

"Oh, thank Heaven for that!"

"Nearly convalescent from his wounds, but baddish with fever. Lot of that about. They're going to send him home."

"Home!" said Candida, with clasped hands. "Then he will be— Oh, God! this is too much. Would you please leave me? You may lock me in, put chains on me if you like; only leave me to myself for a little while. I shall be better afterwards."

Mr. Holloway felt quite upset. Such beauty and such distress were in combination nearly too much for his professional discretion. He rubbed his chin and wished the job were in other and less sensitive hands.

"We shall be going aboard the *Duke* very soon," he said. "I—I'm afraid you may do yourself some injury if I leave you in your present state."

"No, I will not. Indeed, I will not. I should not think of so wicked a thing. And yet," she sighed, "I do not suppose that it matters."

Her abject resignation touched the detective as keenly as her excitement of despair.

"I'll take your word for it, Miss Cope," he said. "When things are ready I'll come back."

On deck he found young Dr. Partridge annoying Captain Bronson with an argument.

"Talk it over with this gentleman."

said the *Catspaw's* skipper, nodding towards Mr. Halloway. "It's nothing to do with me."

Tom Partridge asked for nothing better. He at once attacked the detective, his face red with generous anger.

"What do you suppose she has done?" he cried.

But Mr. Halloway merely said, "Excuse me. Perhaps you will mind your own business." He produced a pipe and proceeded to fill it. The slight irritated Tom Partridge immeasurably.

"But it *is* my business," he declared. "Miss Cope is incapable of any crime. I have known her—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, though I have only known her something over a year, that's quite enough."

Mr. Halloway then settled matters.

"My friend," he said, obligingly, "human nature takes more knowing than that. I'm sorry for her, and that's the truth; and now I'll thank you to change the subject."

"You'd do better still, Partridge, to take your opportunity of going ashore," put in Captain Bronson.

"Well, what are you going to do with her, anyway?" asked Tom Partridge.

"If that's your last question I'll answer it," replied Mr. Halloway.

"Let it be so, then."

Mr. Halloway pointed his pipe-stem towards a red-funnelled transport with a tender alongside it.

"She goes aboard there by-and-by, and back to England to-morrow. Good-morning," he said.

Then, with a "Thank you" and a shake of the hand for Captain Bronson, Tom Partridge carried his vexed face to shore. His first work there was to see Candida's letter addressed and stamped. As it happened, the mail by a homeward-bound liner was just leaving the post-office, and with it went the letter.

So far well, precious little though it seemed to Tom Partridge.

Afterwards he went to the hotel to talk things over with Captain Black. On the least encouragement he would have attempted to organize a rescue either from the *Catspaw* or the *Duke*, the red-funnelled steamer. But Captain Black, though amazed at the pews, was not in the humor for desperate enterprises off the field of battle. He had a few minutes ago been said "good-bye" to by Nurse Cartwright in a way that had set his skin tingling.

"We are just two hard-headed people of the world, Captain Black," Nurse Cartwright had said a trifle bitterly, "and so it won't hurt either of us very much if we part forever."

The borrowing of his own phrase, which he faintly remembered, was ominous enough.

"What in the world do you mean by that, Ethel?" he had demanded.

"That we are parting forever, Ernest." This with a weird smile.

"And therefore that you have been playing with me?"

"We have both been playing and we have both lost. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you all about it. I will not even ask you to forgive me. It is only good-bye."

"Oh, well, if that's how you look at it—good-bye."

When Tom Partridge found him, Captain Black was trying to console himself with the hope that Nurse Cartwright's ten thousand pounds was no certainty. But he was very wild, nevertheless.

"Look here, Partridge," he said fiercely, "the less you have to do with women the better. I'm off to report myself."

"Can't we do anything for Miss Cope?"

"I'm not going to try. It's precious queer, as you say. A sell for Barker, too; but perhaps she's sold him before.

Embezzlement, bigamy, murder — they're capable of any crime!"

With that Captain Black went forth. He soon found that he was not to be allowed to consume his wrath in solitude. That evening he entrained for the north. He was extremely glad of it.

Tom Partridge could think of nothing in the way of help for Candida. It was only the next day that it occurred to him to send a line to Wynberg informing Burkitt Barker of the strange situation of Miss Cope. He found out that Lieutenant Barker was there, fighting his fever. His communication was brief and ingenuous. "I thought you'd like to know," were the apologetic words he used after his statement of the facts as he understood them.

Having thus eased his mind a little, he sent a basket of fruit on board the *Duke* for Candida, with his compliments, watched the steamer push up the water at its bows, and then, on his part also, prepared for sterner duties.

Candida, from her port-hole, looked forth at Table Mountain as the *Duke* carried her away from it. Tom's apples and oranges and grapes were on the bookshelf in the cabin which the second officer had surrendered to her. The boat was so crowded that, from the captain downwards, all the officers were inconveniencing themselves for the good of the State. Invalided soldiers, women in crape, hook-nosed financiers and children overwhelmed the normal travelling public. The ship's doctor, whose cabin was next to Candida's on the maindeck, and who was sure of a busy trip, had shelved his own comfort like the rest. His berth was occupied by a very sick man, and he himself had a make-shift bed on the sofa.

Amid this bustle on board Candida hoped her presence might be unnoticed. Mr. Halloway considerably said that it

should be as she pleased. If she preferred to play the part of a free woman he would not balk her; the secret was between them, the captain and the first officer. Otherwise she could mess in her cabin and live privately.

With this latter program in prospect, Candida gazed at Capetown and its mountain sadly enough. She believed that Sybil would not relent, and child though she was, would look with bright-eyed interest and even pride at the result of her iniquity. There was, too, the curdling possibility that Sybil had not had anything to do with the transference of the diamonds. Who else? But there was no answer to this question, and Candida's eyes became increasingly sad and weary as she viewed it. Disgrace, imprisonment and utter ruin were in all likelihood the goals towards which the *Duke* was hurrying her.

No wonder she kept herself to her cabin until nightfall, when, cloaked and veiled, she could steal past the cook's galley towards the steerage crowd without exciting inquiry. Her crushing thoughts went with her there; but fiddles and concertinas, the babble of women and children, the stars above, and the sea itself helped her a little towards temporary self-forgetfulness. More than that, it seemed to her, she might never again expect as long as she lived.

The days at sea went by in this way. Mr. Halloway was all that a kindly constable could be. He had begun to have his misgivings, if so they might be called; for Candida showed none of the marks of the ordinary, or even the extraordinary, felon, as Mr. Halloway knew that individual; and he dared, as earnestly as the official mind could, to hope that something would transpire to make things look less black than at present for his pretty prisoner.

But he turned the key in her cabin

door every night just the same. Duty was duty. He did it, however (and the unlocking in the morning), with a most scrupulous regard for the public eye. They were off the Land's End ere a single passenger or any one of the crew, save the original three, knew under what escort Candida voyaged.

Then circumstances came to the front and really obliged Mr. Holloway. To be sure he had put a little of the gunpowder of his shrewd intellect at the root of them, and fired the train into the bargain; and this done, he not only rejoiced as if he were a professional philanthropist, but he actually cursed himself in the midst of his joy for not thinking of such a thing sooner.

Dinner was over and the raw English air, with a concert to back it, explained why there were so few people in the darkness, which had no stars to soften it, but a suspicion of quickening fog to add terror to it.

Mr. Holloway knew Candida's routine movements. At nine o'clock he tapped at her door.

"Thought I'd come, Miss Cope," he whispered, "to tell you we ought to be in port to-morrow. Going for your airing as usual?"

"Y-es; I think so," she replied. But she looked at him timorously, as if she thought that the nearness to England meant something immediately humiliating to her.

"That's all I wanted to say," he whispered. He smiled, nodded and left her.

Then, with a sigh—her sighs came readily enough now; they matched her pale face—Candida wrapped herself up and went into the harsh air. It seemed as unfriendly to her as the future.

A vigorous chorus was in full blast downstairs when she reached the seat aft which she most favored. No ship's lamp shone on it. The gloom of it be-

fitted her fortunes. Some children were scuffling amid the *Duke's* tackle, and six or seven adults were marching about briskly; but none of them were near Candida. She put her cheek in her hand and began to think, as usual. Her last day on the *Duke* was no better than the first.

She did not notice a tall man in a belted ulster coming towards her with a certain air of weakness and yet alacrity. Nor did she notice Mr. Holloway on the quarterdeck above, straining his eyes to see what happened.

The tall man was close to her, indeed, standing in an attitude of intense eagerness, before she became conscious of him. Then she stumbled to her feet in an instant, with a little gasp of pain. Her face was veiled; but his was plain enough to her even in the obscurity, and so were the two hands he stretched out to her and the smile of happiness (yet not pure happiness) which came to his face.

"Candida!" he said. "My dear child! So it is you after all!"

She did not give him her hands. She said nothing either; but that did not serve her, for Burkitt Barker, sure of her now, just folded her in his arms.

Then she resigned herself with a little sob.

Mr. Holloway, having viewed this remarkable scene through the gloom, put his hands into his pockets, whistled and went his way as if he were pleased.

"I was a thickhead not to have guessed it sooner," he said to himself. "And to think they've had only half-an-inch of woodwork between them these twenty days and more!"

He descended to the smoke-room, convinced of one thing. This young officer would see that proceedings against his prisoner were arrested. Probably the diamonds were stolen on the young rascal's own behalf. The aristocracy are so wily, as well as ex-

travagant. But the more he smoked the less Mr. Halloway could digest the diverting coincidence that these young folks should have travelled from Capetown to Land's End on the same boat, with their heads almost touching

every night, and yet not have met until that moment.

"It's as good as a novel," he said at length. It was time to lock up *Candida*. Duty was duty, love itself notwithstanding.

Chambers's Journal.

Charles Edcardes.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Long ago when Trollope was becoming known as the historian of Barsetshire, I was one of his devoted readers. Some time later I happened to find myself alone at an inn where the literature consisted of waifs and strays from the Tauchnitz reprints. Among them was one of Trollope's novels, and I rejoiced at the prospect of a pleasant evening. To my grievous disappointment I suddenly broke down. My old favorite had lost all charms. The book was as insipid as yesterday's newspaper. Of course I explained the phenomenon by my own improvement in good taste, and for a long time I held complacently that Trollope should be left to the vulgar herd. Lately I have begun to doubt this plausible explanation. An excellent critic of Victorian novelists (Mr. Herbert Paul) told us, it is true, the other day that Trollope was not only dead, but dead beyond all hopes of resurrection. There are symptoms, however, which may point rather to a case of suspended vitality. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a very appreciative article upon Trollope, regards his temporary obscurity as illustrating an ordinary phenomenon. As literary fashions change, the rising generation throws aside too contemptuously the books which pleased its immediate predecessors, and which will again interest its successors. Trollope, he thinks, may have for our chil-

dren the interest at least of a singularly faithful portrait of the society of fifty years ago. Such of our unfortunate descendants as have a historical turn will be overwhelmed by the masses of material provided for them; and no doubt it will be a relief to them when weary of official despatches and blue-books, and solemn historical dissertations, to clothe the statistical skeleton in the concrete flesh and blood of realistic fiction. They may learn what the British squire or archdeacon of the period looked like, besides ascertaining the amount of his income and his constitutional position. In course of such reading, they may discover that such personages, if taken in the right spirit, are really attractive. Nobody can claim for Trollope any of the first-rate qualities which strain the powers of subtle and philosophical criticism; but perhaps it would be well if readers would sometimes make a little effort to blunt their critical faculty. May not an author beg to be judged by his peers? "I know that I am stupid and commonplace," I am often disposed to say; "but if you would condescend to be a little less clever for once, you might still find something in me." Nobody will listen to such an appeal; and yet if we could learn the art of enjoying dull books, it is startling to think what vast fields of innocent enjoyment would be

thrown open to us. Macaulay, we are told, found pleasure in reading and re-reading the most vapid and rubbishy novels. Trollope's novels are far above that level; and though the rising generation is so brilliant that it can hardly enjoy them without a certain condescension, the condescension might be repaid.

If any one is disposed to cultivate the frame of mind appropriate for Trollope he should begin by reading the "Autobiography." That will put his mind in the proper key. Trollope indeed gives fair notice that he does not mean to give us a "record of his inner life." He is not about to turn himself inside out in the manner of Rousseau. He must, no doubt, like all of us, have had an "inner life," though one can hardly suppose that it presented any of the strange phenomena which delight the student of morbid psychology. He professes to tell us only such facts as might have been seen by an outside observer. He tells us, however, enough to suggest matter for speculation to persons interested in education. Nobody ever met the adult Trollope in the flesh without receiving one impression. Henry VIII, we are told—and it is one of the few statements which make that monarch attractive—"loved a man." If so, he would clearly have loved Trollope. In person, Trollope resembled the ideal beefeater; square and sturdy, and as downright as a box on the ear. The simple, masculine character revealed itself in every lineament and gesture. His talk was as hearty and bolsterous as a gust of a northeaster—a Kingsley northeaster that is, not blighting, but bracing and genial. The first time I met him was in a low room, where he was talking with a friend almost as square and sturdy as himself. It seemed as if the roof was in danger of being blown off by the vigor of the conversational blasts. And yet, if I

remember rightly, they were not disputing, but simply competing in the utterance of a perfectly harmless sentiment in which they cordially agreed. A talker of feeble lungs might be unable to get his fair share in the discussion; but not because Trollope was intentionally overbearing, or even rough. His kindness and cordiality were as unmistakable as his sincerity; and if he happened to impinge upon his hearers' sore points, it was from clumsiness, not malignity. He was incapable of shyness or diffidence, and would go at any subject as gallantly as he rode at a stiff fence in the hunting-field. His audacity sprang not from conceit, but from a little over-confidence in the power of downright common sense.

Here is the problem to which I referred. If we inquired how such a character had been developed, the last hypothesis which we should make would be that it was due to such surroundings as are described in the "Autobiography." If one wished to bring up a lad to be a sneak, a cynic and a humbug, one would deal with him as Trollope was dealt with in his childhood. Many distinguished men have preserved painful impressions of their school-days. Thackeray has sufficiently indicated what he thought of the morality of a public school in his day. Dickens felt bitterly to the end of his life the neglect from which he suffered during part of his childhood. Trollope had a more painful and prolonged experience than either. His father was a man of such oddity and perversity that it must have required all the son's filial duty in later years not to introduce him in a novel. He would have been more interesting as a model than the gentleman who stood for Micawber, though certainly without Micawber's peculiar claims to be attractive. He was a man of ability and learning, who had ruined good prospects at the bar, by a singular facility for quarrel-

ling with his bread and butter. By way of retrieving his position, he had taken to farming, of which he was absolutely ignorant; and when he got into the inevitable difficulties, he set about compiling a gigantic "Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica," for which he was equally incompetent, and which would have ruined a publisher had any such person been forthcoming. He was most anxious, his son assures us, to do his duty to his family, but equally misguided in his plans for their welfare. Anthony's chief recollections at least were of standing in a convenient position while his amiable parent was shaving, so that his hair might be pulled at any slip in Latin grammar, and of being knocked down for stupidity by a folio Bible. It was all meant in kindness, but only produced obstinate idleness. The child was sent as a day boy to Harrow, where the headmaster could only express his horror that so dirty a little wretch should belong to the school; and his comrades unanimously excluded him from their society. Then he was sent to a private school, where the master treated him as a degraded being, for faults committed by others, and had not the manliness to confess when he discovered his mistake. His next experience was at Winchester, where his elder brother thrashed him daily with a thick stick. Being big, awkward, ugly, ill-dressed and dirty, he was generally despised and "suffered horribly." Then he returned to Harrow, and was at the same time employed occasionally as a laborer on his father's farm. He was universally despised, excluded from all games, and though he "gravitated upwards" to near the top of the school, by force of seniority, represented at the age of nineteen the densest ignorance of his lessons attainable even by a boy at an English public school. The one pleasant thing that he could remember was that he once turned against an oppres-

sor. The bully was so well thrashed that he had to be sent home for repairs.

The spirit in which Trollope took this cruelty is characteristic. Less painful experience of the life at a public school helped to convince Cowper that human nature was radically corrupt, and Shelley that the existence of a merciful Providence was doubtful, and Thackeray that there was something radically wrong in the social order. Trollope, who hated tyranny as earnestly as any one, seems only to have drawn the modest inference that the discipline at Winchester and Harrow was imperfect; and, for the time, he did not even go so far. He was always, as he says, "craving for love," even for the love of the young bullies who made his life a burthen. He was miserable in his school-days, because he "envied the popularity of popular boys." They lived in a social paradise from which he was excluded. But he apparently did not think that his exclusion was wrong. It was simply natural—part of the inevitable and providential order of nature. He accepted the code under which he suffered as if it had been the obvious embodiment of right reason. It was quite proper that poverty and clumsiness should be despised and bullied; that was implied in the essential idea of a public school, and his comrades naturally treated him as a herd of wild animals may trample upon an intruder of an inferior species. It "was their nature to," and there was no more to be said about it. It is pathetic to observe the average child accepting its misery as part of a sacred tradition; but in Trollope's case it had one advantage: he bore no malice to anybody. The brother who had thrashed him every day became, as he testifies, the best of brothers, and Trollope cherished no resentment against individuals or to the system. The toughness looked

like stupidity, but, at any rate, was an admirable preservative against the temptations to which a more sensitive and reflective nature would have been liable, of revolting against morality in general, or meeting tyranny by hypocrisy and trickery.

His start in life was equally unpromising. As he knew no languages, ancient or modern, he became classical usher of a school in Brussels, with the promise of a commission in the Austrian army. Then he was suddenly transferred to a clerkship in the London Post Office. He was disqualified for the new position by general ignorance and special incapacity for the simplest arithmetic. A vague threat that he must pass an examination was forgotten before it was put in execution, and Trollope characteristically takes occasion to denounce the system of competitive examination by which he would have been excluded. Meanwhile he was turned loose in London, and attempted to live like a gentleman on £90 a year. The results are indicated by a couple of anecdotes. A money-lender once advanced him £4, for which, first and last, he paid £200. This person, he says, became so much attached to him as to pay a daily visit at his office and exhort him to be punctual. "These visits were very terrible, and can hardly have been of service to me in the office." This mild remark applies also to the visits from the mother of a young woman in the country who had fallen in love with him, and to whom he "lacked the pluck to give a decided negative." The mother used to appear with a basket on her arm and an immense bonnet upon her head, and inquire in a loud voice, before all his companions, "Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?" No wonder that he was miserable; he was hopelessly in debt, and often unable to pay for a dinner; he hated his work, he says,

and he hated his idleness; he quarrelled with his superiors, who thought him hopelessly incapable, and felt that he was sinking "to the lowest pits." At last he heard of a place in the Irish Post Office, which everybody despised, and was successful on applying for it, because his masters were so glad to get rid of him. At the same time they informed his new superior that he would probably have to be dismissed on the first opportunity.

If the "Autobiography" had been a novel instead of a true story, the continuation must have been pronounced utterly improbable. No sooner does Trollope get to Ireland than the story changes; he sets his hand to the plough and wins the respect of his superiors; he at once begins hunting, and though very heavy and very blind and "not a good horseman," rode straight and bold and steadily for the next thirty years, letting neither official nor literary duties interfere; he makes a happy marriage at an early period; he rides up and down over Ireland and England setting things straight; and is sent on missions to Egypt and the West Indies and the United States and Australia; and turns out his daily tale of copy at home or abroad, travelling or resting; and rises in his office, and withstands Sir Rowland Hill, and has "delicious feuds" with his colleagues; and retires with a sense that he has both done his duty and thoroughly enjoyed his life. Of all this, which may be read in the "Autobiography," nothing more need be said, or it needs only to be said that so prosperous a consummation was never tacked to so dismal a beginning. It seems to suggest the immoral inference that we need take no thought for our sons' education. The innate good qualities will come out and the superficial stupidity is only a safeguard against over-sensibility; the wasted and unhappy youth and boyhood may be the stepping-stone to

a thoroughly honorable and prosperous career. I am here only concerned with the light which the story may throw upon the novel-writing. Trollope himself dwells chiefly upon that subject and sets forth his views with the most engaging candor and simplicity. He propounds some theories which may scandalize the author who takes a lofty view of his vocation; but they are worth notice if only because they are more frequently adopted than avowed by his rivals.

It seems, in the first place, that in one respect his early life had been propitious in spite of all probability. His mother had supplied the one bright influence. One of his father's most preposterous schemes had turned out well by sheer accident. He had sent his wife, Heaven knows why, to open a bazaar in Cincinnati. She was to make a fortune by selling pin-cushions and pepper-boxes to the natives of that remote region, whom he must apparently have supposed to be in the state of savages ready to barter valuables for beads. The Yankee was not quite so innocent. She of course lost all her money, but came home to describe the "domestic manners" of her customers with a sharpness which for a time set England and America by the ears. She discovered that she had a pure vein of rather vulgar satire, and worked it to such effect that, though she was over fifty when she began to write, she published 114 volumes before her death. She managed to keep her family afloat, and Trollope, in his darkest days, saw that one possible road to success lay in following her footsteps. He perceived that he had not genius to be a poet, nor the erudition necessary for a historian. But he had a certain taste for reading. He had, even in his boyhood, indulged during the intervals of bullying in occasional rambles through such literature as came in his way, and had decided that

"*Pride and Prejudice*" was the best novel in the language. At the Post Office he had learnt French, and brushed up his Latin sufficiently to enjoy Horace. Then he had been given to what he calls the "dangerous mental practice" of castle-building. He solaced his loneliness by carrying on imaginary stories of which he was himself the hero, and which he characteristically kept within the limits of possibility. He could not fancy himself handsome, or a philosopher, by any stretch of mind, but he could imagine himself to be clever and chivalrous enough to be attractive to beautiful young women. This suggested that in his mind, as in his mother's, there was a mine of literary material, and he resolved that novel-writing was the one career open to him. Accordingly he set to work in a thoroughly business-like spirit, and slowly and doggedly forced himself upon publishers.

"Nobody but a fool," says the great Johnson, "ever wrote except for money." Trollope holds at least that the love of money is a perfectly honorable and sufficient reason for writing. "We know," he says, "that the more a man earns the more useful he is to his fellow-men"—a fine, sweeping maxim, which certainly has its convenience. It is true, he declares, of lawyers and doctors, and would be true of clergymen if (which is a rather large assumption) the best men were always made bishops. It is equally true of authors. Shakespeare wrote for money, and Byron, Scott, Tennyson, Dickens, Macaulay and Carlyle were not above being paid. "Take away from English authors their copyrights, and you would very soon take away from England her authors." He wrote therefore, as he avows, for the very same reasons which prompt the barrister to go to the bar, or the baker to set up his oven. I have certain qualms about

the theory of copyright—though I don't mention them to my publishers. It is not that I would deprive authors of their reward. In the ideal state of things, I fancy, the promising author will be infallibly recognized by the scientific critic; a parental government will then pay him a handsome salary and trust to his honor to do his best and take his time; and his works, if any, will then be circulated gratis. That scheme would avoid the objection which occurs to Trollope's theory. We can hardly assume that the author's usefulness to his fellow creatures is precisely proportioned to his earnings. On the contrary, the great evil of to-day is that an author has constantly to choose whether he will do the best or whether he will do the most profitable work in his power. Tennyson and Carlyle, to take Trollope's examples, would never have reached their excellence had they not dared to be poor till middle age. Had they accepted Trollope's maxim, we should have had masses of newspaper articles and keepsake rhyming instead of "Sartor Resartus" and "In Memoriam."

The temptation of the present system to sacrifice quality to quantity, and to work exhausted brains instead of accumulating thought, is too obvious to be insisted upon. When we look at Trollope's turnout, we are tempted to take him for an example of the consequences. George Eliot, as Mr. Harrison tells us—and we can well believe it—was horror-struck when she heard of Trollope's methods. When he began a new book, he allowed a fixed time for its completion, and day by day entered in a diary the number of pages written. A page meant 250 words. He had every word counted, and never failed to deliver his tale of words at the time prefixed. "Such appliances," people told him, "were beneath the notice of a man of genius." He never fancied himself, he replied,

to be a man of genius, but "had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels." He could hardly "repress his scorn" when he was told that an imaginative writer should wait for "inspiration." The tallow-candle, he declares, might as well wait "for the divine moment of melting." Nay, he recommends youthful aspirants to "avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pen." They should sit down at their desks like lawyers' clerks and work till their tasks are done. Then they may rival Trollope, at any rate in quantity. During a period of twelve years (1859 to 1871) he did his official duties so as to leave no pretext for fault-finding; he hunted twice a week, he played whist daily, went freely into society, took his holidays, and yet turned out more work, including articles of all kinds in periodicals, than any contemporary author. He was up every morning at 5.30; spent half an hour in reading the previous day's work; and then wrote 250 words every quarter of an hour, for two hours and a half. He wrote when he was travelling on a railway, or on shipboard, and in the course of his career turned out some fifty novels, besides other work, including a *Life of Cicero*, which showed at least his daring. He lamented, I remember, at one time that Mrs. Gore (who wrote seventy novels and 200 volumes) was still ahead of him; but perhaps counting all his writing, he had equalled her before his death.

It would be absurd to argue gravely against Trollope's simple-minded views; to appeal to the demi-gods of literature who have thought, like George Eliot, that there was a difference between "tallow chandling" and bookwriting; and that, if inspiration be a daring word, some time must at least be allowed for ideas to ripen and harmonize, and that it may be well to await some overmastering mood, that

will not come regularly when an old groom calls you at 5.30 A.M. It is more to the purpose to admit frankly that some great writers have been almost equally productive. Scott took almost as business-like a view as Trollope. Lockhart tells us how an idle youth was irritated by the shadow of a hand behind a window blind; and by noting the provoking pertinacity with which it added sheet to sheet with the regularity of a copying machine, and how it afterwards appeared that the sheets were those of "Waverley." Scott, it may be replied, was only pouring out the stores of imagery which had been accumulating for many years, when as yet he had no thought of bringing them to market. Moreover, in some twelve years of excessive production even Scott's vein was pretty nearly exhausted. What stores, one may ask, had Trollope to draw upon? The answer suggests that Trollope was not quite so black as he painted himself. When he comes to lay down rules for the art—or trade—he shows that three hours a day did not include the whole of his labors. A novelist, he declares, must write "because he has a story to tell, not because he has to tell a story." To do so, he must "live with his characters." They must be with him when he wakes and when he lies down to sleep. He must know them as he knows his best friends. Trollope says that he knew the actors in his own stories—"the tone of the voice, the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear." He knew precisely what each of them would say on any given occasion. He declares, in answer to the complaint of over-rapidity, that he wrote best when he wrote quickest. That, he says, when he was away from hunting and whist, in "some quiet spot among the mountains" where he could be absorbed among his characters, "I have wandered about among the rocks and

woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with my pen in my hand and drive them before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel."

This surely is sound doctrine; but Trollope is justifying one set of critics in order to answer another. He wrote best, he admits, when his mind was fullest, and freest from distraction; that is, when he had the "inspiration," a "rush of enthusiasm," against which he warns his disciples. No doubt a man may write quickly at such moments. The great Goethe—if one may introduce such an august example—tells us that he was at times so eager to get his thoughts upon paper that he could not even wait to pull the sheet straight, and dashed down his verses diagonally. George Elliot—to come a bit nearer to Trollope—wrote her finest part of "Adam Bede" without a pause or a correction. That you should write quickly when you are "inspired" is natural; but that does not prove that that person's inspiration is superfluous. These unconscious admissions must qualify the statement about the 250 words every quarter of an hour. Trollope's genuine gift showed itself in that practice of "castle building" which, as he tells us, he always kept up. His ideal architecture, it is true, was of a humble and prosaic kind. He did not venture into regions of old romance; nor discover ideal excellence in Utopias of the future; or even observe that the most commonplace houses may be the background for great passions or tragedies. He always kept, as he says, to the probable. His imaginary world was conterminous with that in which he lived. As he tramped along the highroad he saw wayside cottages or vicarages, or perhaps convenient hunting-boxes, and provided them with

a charming girl to flirt with, and one or two good fellows for after-dinner talk; and made himself an ideal home such as might be provided by the most ordinary course of events. This meant such day-dreaming as just repeats the events of the day—only supplying the touch of simple sentimentalism. A good many men of business are sentimentallists in secret, and after a day of stockbroking or law conveyancing enjoy in strict privacy a little whimpering over a novel. Trollope had abundant tenderness of nature, and his sentimentalism is perfectly genuine, though he did find it convenient to bring it to market. That was a main source of his popularity. There were—as the public held—such nice girls in his stories. Once, he tells us, he tried to write a novel without love. He took for his heroine an unattractive old maid in money difficulties; but he had to wind up by allowing her to make a romantic marriage. It is this quaint contrast between the burly, vigorous man of the world and the author's young ladies, who provide him with such sentiment as he can appreciate, that somehow attracts us even by force of commonplace.

Trollope claims another merit—not to the modern taste. "I have ever thought of myself," he says, "as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience." Young people, he thinks, receive a large part of their education from novels, and a good novelist should inculcate sound morality. *Beatrice Esmond*, for example, with her beauty and heartlessness, might seem to be a dangerous example to set before girls. But as she is so treated that every girl will pray to be unlike her, and every youth to avoid the wiles of which she was a mistress, a sermon is preached which no clergyman could rival. Let us hope so—though I must confess to a weak-

ness both for *Beatrice* and *Becky Sharp* which may imply some injury to my morals. One point, at least, may be granted. "I do believe," says Trollope, "that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learnt from them that modesty is a charm worth possessing." The phrase reminds me of my favorite critic, who declared that there was not a word in Dr. Watts's sermons "which could call a blush to the cheek of modesty." Trollope certainly deserves that rather negative praise. When a novelist courts popularity by appealing to a perverted taste for the morally repulsive, I consider him to be a blackguard—even though he may be an "artist;" and, at the day of judgment, he will hardly, I suppose, be divided into two.

Trollope's moral purpose, however, led him into difficulty. The "regions of absolute will," he says, "are foul and odious;" but there is a "border-land" where flowers are mixed with weeds and where the novelist is tempted to enter. The "border-land," one would rather say, is continuous with the world; and the novelist who will not speak of it will have to abandon any dealings with human nature. Trollope was confined within narrow limits. One of his novels was refuted by a religious periodical because it spoke of dancing without reprobation. A dignitary of the Church of England remonstrated with him because one of his heroines was tempted to leave her husband for a lover. Trollope replied forcibly enough by asking him whether he ever denounced adultery from his pulpit. If so, why should not the same denunciation be uttered from the pulpit of the novelist? The dignitary judiciously invited him to spend a week in the country and talk over the subject. The visit never came off, and, if that dignitary be now alive, we

would like to know what he thinks of Trollope's successors. In one novel Trollope ventured upon a bolder step, and described the career of a female outcast. The difficulty, however, imposed limitations. If a novelist is to be a preacher, he cannot simply overlook what he ought to denounce. Trollope was, in principle, a thorough "realist," but he had to write in popular magazines and submit to their conventions. It may be a difficult question whether a "realistic" description of vice makes vice more disgusting or stimulates a morbid interest. Trollope, at any rate, was in the awkward position of a realist bound to ignore realities. He had to leave gaps in his pictures of life which have, perhaps, been filled up by his successors.

We can see plainly enough what we must renounce in order to enjoy Trollope. We must cease to bother ourselves about art. We must not ask for exquisite polish of style. We must be content with good homespun phrases which give up all their meaning on the first reading. We must not desire brilliant epigrams suggesting familiarity with aesthetic doctrines or theories of the universe. A brilliant modern novelist is not only clever, but writes for clever readers. He expects us to understand oblique references to esoteric theories, and to grasp a situation from a delicate hint. We are not to be bothered with matter-of-fact details, but to have facts sufficiently adumbrated to enable us to accept the aesthetic impression. Trollope writes like a thorough man of business or a lawyer stating a case. We must know exactly the birth, parentage and circumstances of all the people concerned, and have a precise statement of what afterwards happens to everybody mentioned in the course of the story. We must not care for artistic unity. Trollope admits that he could never construct an intricate plot to be gradually

unravelling. That, in fact, takes time and thought. He got hold of some leading incident, set his characters to work, and followed out any series of events which happened to be involved. In one of his stories, if I remember rightly, the love affairs of four different couples get mixed up, and each of them has to be followed out to a conclusion. He simply looks on, and only takes care to make his report consistent and intelligible. To accept such writing in the corresponding spirit implies, no doubt, the confession that you are a bit of a Philistine, and can put up with the plainest of bread and butter, and dispense with all the finer literary essences. I think, however, that at times one's state is the more gracious for accepting the position. There is something so friendly and simple and shrewd about one's temporary guide that one is the better for taking a stroll with him and listening to gossiping family stories, even though they be rather rambling and never scandalous. One difficulty is suggested, indeed, by Trollope's sacrifice of all other aims to the duty of fidelity. We begin to ask whether it can be worth while to read a novel which is a mere reflection of the commonplace. Would it not be better to read genuine biographies and narratives of real events? One answer might be suggested by Walpole's famous remark about history which, as he said, must be false. When we read the lives of people we have known and observe the singular transformations which take place, we are sometimes tempted to think that biography is an organized attempt to misrepresent the past. Trollope is at least conscientiously laboring to avoid that error with a zeal which few Bosworths can rival. His fiction is in that respect even truer than history. Hawthorne said at an early period that Trollope's novels precisely suited his taste. They are "solid, substantial, written

on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of." Trollope was delighted, as he well might be, with such praise from so different a writer, and declares that this passage defined the aim of his novels "with wonderful accuracy." They represent, that is, the average English society of the time more faithfully even than memoirs of real persons, because there is no motive for coloring the motives of an imaginary person.

Is this really the case? Will our descendants get an accurate conception of England in the middle of the nineteenth century? Or if some "medium" could call us up for cross-examination, should we have to warn posterity not to trust too implicitly to the portraiture. Trollope's best achievement, I take it, was the series of *Barsetshire* novels. They certainly passed at the time for a marvel of fidelity. Trollope tells us that he was often asked when he had lived in a cathedral close and become intimate with archdeacons; and had been able to answer that he had never lived in a close and had never spoken to an archdeacon. He had evolved the character, he declares, "out of his moral consciousness," and is pleasantly complacent over his creation. Though one would not like to disparage the merits of the performance, the wonder seems to be pretty simple. Trollope had been to Harrow and Winchester, and the headmaster of one had become a dean, and the headmaster of the other a bishop. He afterwards spent two years riding through English country, and a visit, during this period, to Salisbury close, had suggested the first *Barchester* novel. It is not wonderful that after

such experience, he should have been equal to the costume of archdeacons; and, apart from their costumes, archdeacons are not essentially different, I fancy, from bishops or headmasters, or from the average adult male of the upper classes. Archdeacon Grantly is certainly an excellent and life-like person; an honorable, narrow-minded English gentleman with just the necessary tinge of ecclesiastical dignity. Still, if our hypothetical descendants asked us, Were English archdeacons like that? we should be a little puzzled. If Miss Yonge could be called as a witness to character, she would certainly demonstrate. Archdeacons, she would say, in her time, high-church archdeacons at least, were generally saints. They could be spiritual guides; they had listened to Newman or been misled by "Essays and Reviews;" but had at least been interested in the religious movements of the day. Trollope's archdeacon is as indifferent to all such matters as were the much-reviled dignitaries of an older generation. He is supposed to do his official duties, and he carefully says, "Good Heavens!" where a layman would use another phrase; but he never gives the slightest indication of having any religious views whatever beyond a dislike to dissenters. He has a landed estate, and is as zealous as any squire to keep up the breed of foxes, and he threatens to disinherit his son for making an unworldly marriage as if he were the great *Barchester* magnate—the Duke of Omnium himself.

I do not presume to inquire how far such a man represents the prevalent type more accurately than the more ethereal divine of pious lady novelists. The Trollope theory of archdeacons might be held to confirm Matthew Arnold's description of the Church as an "appendage of the barbarian;" and the philosophical historian might infer that in the nineteenth century the nor-

nial country farmer was a very slightly modified squire. Perhaps Trollope's view may be a useful corrective to the study of the ordinary lives in which the saintliness of respectable clergymen tends to be a little over-emphasized; still, it omits or attenuates one element—the religious, namely—which must have had some importance in the character of contemporary divines. And what can we say for the young women who charmed his readers so thoroughly? Vulgar satire in those days was denouncing the "girl of the period"—the young lady who was chafing against established conventions of all kinds. The young women of Barchester seem to have been entirely innocent of such extravagance. Trollope's heroines are as domestic as *Clarissa Harlowe*. They haven't a thought beyond housekeeping or making a respectable marriage. We could hardly expect such delineations of the fair feminine qualities as could be given by feminine novelists alone. We could not ask him for a *Jane Eyre*, or still less for a *Maggie Tulliver*. But were the average girls of forty years back made of such very solid flesh and blood with so small an allowance of the romantic? His are so good-natured, sensible and commonplace that he has the greatest difficulty in preventing them from at once marrying their lovers. He has to make them excessively punctilious on some point of their little code of propriety. One is loved by a lord, whose mother objects to a *mésalliance*; another is of doubtful legitimacy, and a third is the daughter of an excellent man whose character is for a moment under a cloud. They have to hold out till their lovers and their lovers' families have got over such scruples, or the cause has been removed. The most popular of all was Miss Lily Dale, whom Trollope himself unkindly describes as "somewhat of a French prig." She will not

marry the man whom she loves because she has been cruelly jilted by a thorough snob, and makes it a point of honor not to accept consolation or admit that she can love twice. Readers, it seems, fell in love with her, and used to write to Trollope entreating him to reconcile her to making her lover happy. Posterity, I think, will make a mistake if it infers that English girls were generally of this type; but it must admit though with a certain wonder that the type commended itself to a sturdy, sensible Briton of the period, as the very ideal of Womanhood, and delighted a large circle of readers.

The prosaic person, it must remember, has a faculty for ignoring all the elements of life and character which are not prosaic, and if Trollope's picture is accurate it is not exhaustive. The weakness thus indicated is significant. Trollope made it a first principle to keep rigorously to the realities of life. He inferred that nothing strange or improbable should ever be admitted. That is not the way to be life-like. Life, as we all find out, is full of the strange and improbable. Every character has its idiosyncrasies; its points of divergence from the ordinary. If the average man, whose qualities are just at the mean between the extremes, who is half-way between genius and idiot, villain and saint, must be allowed to exist, it may be doubted whether he is not, on the whole, more exceptional than the so-called exceptions. Trollope inclines to make everybody an average specimen, and in his desire to avoid exaggeration inevitably exaggerates the commonplaceness of life. He is afraid of admitting any one into his world who will startle us by exhibiting any strength of character. His lovers, for example, have to win the heroine by showing superiority to the worldly scruples of their relations. The arch-

deacon's son proposes to marry a beautiful and specially-virtuous and clever girl, although her father had been accused of stealing. He endangers his prospects of inheriting an estate, but he had, in any case, enough to live upon. Surely some men would be up to such heroism, even though the girl herself hesitates to accept the sacrifice. But, to make things probable, we are carefully told that the hero has great difficulty in rising to the occasion; he has to be screwed up to the effort by the advice of a sensible lady; and even her encouragement would scarcely carry the point, had not the accusation been disproved. In this and other cases, the heroes have all the vigor taken out of them, that they may not shock us by diverging from the most commonplace standard. When a hero does something energetic, gives a thrashing, for example, to the man who has jilted a girl, we are carefully informed that he does it in a blundering and unsatisfactory way.

By the excision of all that is energetic, or eccentric, or impulsive, or romantic, you do not really become more life-like; you only limit yourself to the common and uninteresting. That misconception inspires Trollope's work, and accounts, I suspect, for the decline of our interest. An artist who systematically excludes all lurid colors or strong lights, shows a dingy, whitey-brown universe, and is not more true to nature. Barsetshire surely had its heroes and its villains, its tragedy and its farce, as well as its archdeacons and young ladies bound hand and foot by the narrowest rules of contemporary propriety. Yet, after all, Trollope's desire to be faithful had its good result in spite of this misconception. There are, in the first place, a good many commonplace people in the world; and, moreover, there were certain types into which he could throw himself with real vigor. He can ap-

preciate energy when it does not take a strain of too obvious romance. His best novel, he thinks, and his readers must agree with him, was the "Last Chronicle of Barset." The poor parson, Mr. Crawley, is at once the most lifelike and (in his sense) the most improbable of his characters. He is the embodiment of Trollope's own "doggedness." One fancies that Trollope's memory of his sufferings under the "three hundred tyrants" of his school-days, and of his father's floundering in money matters, entered into his sympathy with his hero. Anyhow, the man with his strange, wrong-headed conscientiousness, his honorable independence, blended with bitter resentment against the more successful; his strong domestic affections, which yet make him a despot in his family, is a real triumph of which more ambitious novelists might be proud. Such men, he might have observed, though exceptional, are far more real than the average persons with whom he is generally content. Another triumph, of which he speaks with justifiable complacency, is the famous Mrs. Proudie. He knew, he declares, "all the little shades of her character." She was bigoted, bullying and vulgar, but really conscientious, no hypocrite, and at last dies in bitter regret of the consequences of her misrule. He killed her because he heard two clergymen in the Athenæum complaining of her too frequent reappearances. But he thoroughly enjoyed her, and continued, as he declares, to "live much in company with her ghost." I should guess, though I cannot speak from a wide personal observation of the class, that no British bishop was ever so thoroughly henpecked as Dr. Proudie. The case was, at any rate, exceptional, and yet, or therefore, is thoroughly lifelike. Mrs. Proudie, that is, is one genuine type, albeit a very rare one, of the Englishwoman of the period, and Trollope

draws her vigorously, because her qualities are only an excessive development of very commonplace failings. In such cases Trollope can deal with his characters vigorously and freely, and we do not feel that their vitality has been lowered from a mistaken desire to avoid a strain upon our powers of belief. He can really understand people on a certain plane of intelligence; pompous officials at public offices, and dull members of Parliament, and here and there such disreputable persons as he ventures to sketch, as, for example, the shrewd contractor in "Dr. Thorne," who is ruined by his love of gin, are solid and undeniable realities. We see the world as it was, only in a dark mirror which is incapable of reflecting the fairer shades of thought and custom.

Hawthorne's appreciation of Trollope's strain was perhaps due in part to his conviction that John Bull was a huge mass of solid flesh incapable of entering the more ethereal regions of subtle fancy to which he was himself a native. Trollope was to him a John Bull, convicting himself out of his own mouth, and yet a good fellow in his place. When our posterity sits in judgment, it will discover, I hope, that the conventional John Bull is only an embodiment of one set of the national qualities, and by no means an exhaustive portrait of the original. But taking Trollope to represent the point of view from which there is a certain truthfulness in the picture—and no novelist can really do more than give one set of impressions—posterity may, after all, consider his novels as

a very instructive document. Perhaps, though it would be idle to prophesy confidently, one remark will be suggested. The middle of the nineteenth century—our descendants may possibly say—was really a time in which a great intellectual, political and social revolution was beginning to make itself perceptible. The vast changes now (that is, in the twenty-first century) so familiar to everybody could then have been foretold by any intelligent observer. And yet in this ancient novelist we see the society of the time, the squires and parsons and officials, and the women whom they courted, entirely unconscious of any approaching convulsions; imagining that their little social arrangements were to endure forever; that their social conventions were the only ones conceivable; and, on the whole, numbers occupied in carrying on business in a humdrum way and sweetening life by flirtation with healthy and pretty young women without two ideas in their heads. Then they will look back to the early days of Queen Victoria as a delightful time, when it was possible to take things quietly, and a good, sound, sensible optimism was the prevalent state of mind. How far the estimate would be true is another question; but Trollope, as representing such an epoch, will supply a soothing if rather mild stimulant for the imagination, and it will be admitted that if he was not among the highest intellects of his benighted time, he was as sturdy, wholesome and kindly a human being as could be desired.

Leslie Stephen.

THE BESOM OF THE WHITE QUEEN.

"The Words of Women," said the Baba meditatively, "are as the wind in the tree-tops, and their justice is as the smoke of the evening meal."

He shook his head gravely as he stood at the top of the khud and looked down four thousand feet to the valley below.

"Yesterday I stole grain and ghee and they caressed me! To-day I have done no evil and they beat me because some pice have gone a-missing. 'Tis a sin to steal pice, yet would I have done so had there been need, but what should I do with pice? There is nought to buy or sell here."

And the Baba, who, when his father was away, feared neither God nor man, in his heathen little soul, once more scanned the valley, then turning, made prints in the dust with his bare feet as if he were going to the clearing under the deodars where most of the children played. Once off the beaten track, however, he ran swiftly, but with infinite precaution, in the opposite direction. For the Baba meant to enjoy himself in his own fashion, and had no mind to be caught by the women or to show his lair to any one else. So he toiled up the steep mountain-side till he reached a cleft between two cliffs; there the ground was soft with springing vegetation and blue with gentian, and the Baba flung himself down with a sigh of satisfaction, for the climb was a hard one for him.

He soon picked himself up again. Life was a serious matter in his eyes, and there was much business to transact. The storm in the night had blown down many of the houses in his miniature village, these he repaired dexterously, crooning a little song the while; his flocks of goats had to be

milked and led out to graze; the women had to be scolded, and maybe beaten for their carelessness; his gun—a bit of branch—had to be cleaned; a deer was killed and brought into the village, and altogether, by the time the sun stood high in the heavens, the Baba was tired and hungry.

"Strike hard when the long knives flash, but eat and sleep while thou canst," he said in grave imitation of his grandfather's philosophy, and after his frugal meal of stolen grain and ghee, he curled himself up like a little wild animal and fell asleep half buried in the starry blue gentians.

And all this time the Highlanders and Goorkhas were winding their way up the hill-side. For one of the interminable little wars against the border people was dragging out its slow course, and the Brigadier had fixed on this village as a splendid strategic position, and intended to entrench himself there that night.

So, whilst the Baba slept, strange sounds crept into his brain, and he dreamed he saw the black horse of Nikkul Seyn crashing up the hill-side with its rider stern, erect and splendid, till he leaped over the rock in front of him. Then the Baba started up wide awake ready to hide, with the inherited instinct of ages, only to find that escape was impossible, for a strange man was stooping over him, and the man's hand was on his arm.

A little man, somewhat bandy-legged, with a beaming smile on his ugly face. Altogether such an inoffensive enemy that the Baba's pride and dignity rose.

"Who art thou who comest thus into my village?" he asked angrily. "My people shall throw thee over the khud!"

"So, thy people," said the soldier,

grinning more insufferably than ever. "And where are thy people, my little lord of the mountains?"

"Dost always talk women's talk?" asked the Baba superbly. "Where do people dwell but in a village?"

"Do the wild deer dwell in peace when the tiger is on their track? Even so thy people have fled. I fear the khud is not for me to-day, Huzoor!"

This was news with a vengeance, and the Baba's face puckered up for a howl, when a new idea struck him.

"Art thou the Besom of the White Queen?" he asked, sitting on his heels and looking up with bright startled eyes, "because if thou art her besom she hath but a little one!"

"What dost thou mean?" asked the puzzled Goorkha.

"Now I will tell thee," answered the Baba, proud of having made an impression. "My father is out with the men fighting against the White Queen, for we be free men, we of the Gadizai. But, ere he went the headsmen had a big talk. I ran away from the women and, being little, hid and listened. Some said one thing, some another, but my grandfather who is old and very wise said: 'Fight if thou wilt, but I, who fought with Nikkul Seyn, know what the power of the Great Queen is.' And my father answered: 'Thou hast spoken truly, yet the gray wolf hunts with its own pack; needs must that I fight with my brethren.' And then I slipped out, for, if my father had found me, he would have struck me many times, and his hands are not as the hands of the women. Now art thou the Besom?"

"Nay," said the Goorkha, "I am but one very little twig—"

Here a voice rang down from the heights above:

"Hi, Johnny, hya—got any one?"

"Iss," cried the little man, grinning so that his eyes nearly disappeared,

and the Baba looked at him in disapproving astonishment.

"Then why canna ye say so, man?" And down from the crags came a huge Highlander who, when he saw the mighty enemy squatting like a frog in the gentians, burst into a shout of laughter.

The little Goorkha suddenly became grave.

"Seest thou," he said in the vernacular, laying his hand on the Scotchman's sleeve, "here is another little twig of the Queen's besom. Is he large enough for thee?"

"Is he thy god?" asked the child, looking with breathless admiration at the soldier.

"My god," echoed the Goorkha, half angry, "my gods are the same as thine; we be fellow-soldiers, he and I. Now, shall he carry thee back to camp? It is getting late and 'tis far to the village for thy little feet."

The fair tanned face and blue eyes of the Highlander were very different from those of his father, yet somehow the Baba knew that in those arms he would be as safe as in his father's, so he nodded as he was picked up, then, sucking his thumb, he nestled back against the soldier's broad chest and studied him meditatively, while the men ran lightly down the hill-side to the village. Once there the child insisted on walking.

"What have ye got there, Stewart Moir?" shouted the sergeant.

"'Tis the enemy we've captured, and I'm for taking him to the Brigadier, who is particularly wishful to see all captives," answered Moir stolidly, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, whilst all the soldiers, white and black, laughed as the procession passed.

Now the Baba hated being laughed at, and after trying to find out the cause of this unseemly mirth, he decided that it was because he did not put his hand to his forehead as his

escort did, and being a sharp child, he drew himself up like a ramrod and struck his forehead the next time the men saluted. But at this the laughter redoubled, and it was an utterly furious Baba that stopped at last before his own hut where the Brigadier sat.

It was a curious scene of mingled peace and war. The snowy mountains—sapphire, amethyst, rose and gold in the setting sun—framed in the little shelf of land, rising in peak above peak, range above range, till they faded away in the dim distance against the quivering light of the opal sky. Lower down, in the shadow, the dark deodars mingled with the lighter foliage of other trees, and in the valley the river wound its way like a silver ribbon. Here and there the cry of a jungle-fowl, the coo of a wood-pigeon, or the call of a pheasant alone broke the brooding silence of the evening.

But at the edge of the precipice the screw-guns had been placed, just where they could drop their shot with deadly precision on any one passing through the valley, or attempting to storm the village. The battery mules were grazing; the Martins stacked; the camp-fires were gleaming, and the sentinels were already pacing up and down. Everywhere was the ordered precision and quiet strength which have won and kept an empire for us in a hostile continent. In the centre of the picturesque scattered groups sat the Brigadier—a gray-haired, handsome dandy, who never under any circumstances lost the gracious courtliness which had descended to him with his great name—and before him stood the child of the conquered race that had fought and lost and loved in their mountain fastnesses ages before the English nation struggled into existence.

"How old art thou?" asked the Brigadier, who had a halting acquaintance with the dialects of most of the hill-tribes.

"Five summers old."

"So. And thy name?"

"The Baba."

"Hast no other name?"

The Baba shook his head. "There is indeed another name, but it is long and I know it not. But the Baba is enough, for there be many Babas, and some are little and cry, and some are bigger and fight, but I am the son of Ali Khan, and therefore am I the Baba."

"Humph! And where is thy father?"

"Hast had no lessons in our tongue? Thou speakest it very badly," said the Baba calmly.

But at this the laughter of the men broke out again and the Baba's rage leaped up like a flame. He longed to fly at them tooth and nail, like the little mountain-cat that he was, but they were so big and he was so little; they were so many and he was all alone! For the first time a sense of his loneliness welled up in his fearless baby heart and his beautiful eyes brimmed over with tears. Then he looked up boldly at the Brigadier.

"Tell thy men not to laugh at me. There is nought to make sport about, and I am all alone!"

The Baba was perilously near breaking down again, but half the men understood, and the Brigadier quietly translated the child's words into English.

And after that not one man of the chivalrous race that has fought to the death to guard its honor, but would have cut off his right hand rather than wound that pathetic baby dignity.

"Now, where is thy father?"

"Out fighting the White Queen."

"And thy people?"

"Nay, I know not. Belike thou hast swept them over the khud, if thou art the Besom of the White Queen."

The child trotted to the precipice and peered over in the sunset, whilst the Goorkha, saluting, explained what the "Besom of the White Queen" was.

In the middle of the explanation the

Baba returned. "Nay," he said, with a sigh of relief, "thou hast not swept them away."

"Of a truth, nay; the Besom of the White Queen has nought to do with women and children. But wilt thou eat with me, son of Ali Khan?"

"Not so," and the Baba spat right and left, "I eat with no white devils. Here be men who serve my gods," he pointed to the Goorkhas—"I will eat with them."

"Good. And wilt thou sleep with them, too, little brother?"

The child shook his head, and stepping aside, twisted his hands round Stewart Moir's big fingers.

"I sleep with him till my father returns," he said, "for surely he is a man!"

And when the rounds that night came to the light of the flickering watch-fire, they saw the giant Highlander sound asleep under his plaid, with one brown dimpled arm flung round him and the baby face half hidden in his neck.

After that came days in fairyland for the Baba, when he learned many new and wonderful things. How, for instance, there is a liberty that is only not license, as there is a license that is never liberty; how no man ever won in the struggle against the Great Queen; how there were kings and princes, beside whom his father was as nought, who were eager to claim her friendship and paid her tribute as loyal subjects. He learned to ride the kicking battery mules, to salute and present arms. He watched the heliograph working and the message come flashing back, and conceived unbounded reverence for all the officers as men who could talk to others miles away in flashes of light like the gods of the thunder. He patronized the Goorkhas in a lordly fashion, to the huge delight of the little men; but he trotted after Stewart Moir like a faith-

ful puppy. To him he chattered by the hour, quite regardless of the fact that Moir understood no word of what he said. And the Highlander, sturdy and silent, whose power of expression lay rather in action than in language, began to feel lonely unless the little brown hands tugged at his kilt and the wild, bright eyes looked admiringly at him.

But the days that flew by for the Baba dragged their slow length along in pain and terror for his people. After their first successes the border tribes were getting badly beaten, and a whisper of discouragement, of the wisdom of surrender, ran through the different villages; only a spark was needed to kindle peace not war. As for Ali Khan, bitter at the desertion of his little son, miserably uncertain whether the child were alive or dead, he could do nothing but wander round the heights in the hope of getting some news, vowing in his desolate soul that the lives of ten Englishmen should pay for every hair of that precious head if the child had been injured. So one day a search patrol of Goorkhas caught him skulking in the rocks, and the Baba strutting at Moir's side with an imaginary gun over his shoulder, saw the men coming up the path.

He looked for a moment, then tore down the hill-side and sprang into his father's arms.

"O my son, my little son! Heart of my heart, hast thou forgotten me?"

"How could I forget thee?" asked the Baba, "art thou not my father?"

But Ali Khan's eyes were dim, and all his manhood could not suppress one deep sob as he felt the supple little form nestle down in his arms again.

"Here is my father. I told thee he would come," announced the Baba two minutes later, saluting the Brigadier. "And, oh, father, wilt thou too be a twig and sweep away the enemies of the Queen?"

"None gave thy tongue license to wag so freely," said Ali Khan, angrily, bestowing an admonitory tap on the child's head.

"I am a free man, wherefore should I not speak even as thou dost?" sobbed the Baba.

He always whimpered on principle when his father struck him, having learned by experience that, though his hands were heavier than those of the women, yet he was softened by a few tears much more readily than they were.

"We have spoiled him, I fear," said the Brigadier, "but then we are tender with our little ones and do not leave them to the tiger or the enemy."

Ali Khan started as if he had been struck, and his fingers grasped his vicious Khyber knife. But the Brigadier smiled suavely, flicked an imaginary speck of dust off his khaki uniform, and went on in the same tone.

"Thou, too, *thou* would'st never leave the helpless, or else I have lost the trick of reading the faces of men."

"Hast spoken truth. I never forget friend or foe."

"But sometimes"—the Brigadier rose and held out his hand—"loyal foe makes faithful friend."

For a moment the hill-man's keen eyes searched the Englishman's face, but he was too sore with the sense of defeat to yield easily, and the Brigadier waited with the patience men learn in the silence of the hills.

And peace and war hung in the balance in the pause that followed till the Baba muttered pettishly:

"They have nought to say, these men, and yet their cry is: silence, silence! Thus my mouth is shut when I have much—so much to say."

"Thou had'st better speak then," answered Ali Khan, glad perhaps to gain time, "there will be little peace till thou hast said thy say."

The Baba selected a stone and sat

down grunting, in absurd imitation of an old and heavy man choking with asthma.

"Would it not be better for thee and for me to keep the law and order of the White Queen and sweep away all her enemies? Then had we peace and safety and the women would weep less."

"Hast forgotten that I am Ali Khan?"

"Nay. But Scindia and the Nizam are greater men than thou art, yet they too are friends of the Great Queen."

"Hast forgotten that we of the Gadi-zai are free men and have no mind to be in bondage to any?"

"Thine is not a very big freedom. And thou thyself one day when thou had'st beaten me, told me the tale of the elephant folk—the wisest folk in the forest!—how they work together and follow the lead of the greatest, keeping the forest law. Only when one grows must and runs amok through the forest, is that one truly free, but then he is against all and all are against him, and men call him mad and shoot him without pity. Thus even the beasts are subject to law and order—how much more then thou and I? And, oh, father," the Baba ended beseechingly, "I would so fain be a little twig and have a kukri and a gun that pokes like the Goorkhas."

"Thou hast learned thy lesson well," answered his father, grimly.

"Lesson," cried the Baba, jumping up furious, more at the tone than at the words, which he hardly understood. "Lesson! Am I a woman, that I should say yea, yea, nay, nay, as the men-folk wish? but I know, I have seen, and when the heart is big with knowledge, then hath the tongue the right to teach."

The Baba retreated, prudently, but "With a' the dignity o' a Free Kirk

betherall," as McBean, the sergeant, muttered.

"A fine lad," said the Brigadier, "and his eyes are beautiful as those of a woman."

"He hath the eyes of his mother."

"Ah!" murmured the Brigadier, seeing his first shaft had gone home—"and she?"

"She died when the babe was born."

The shadow of a remembered sorrow flickered over the fine, impassive face, and the hill-man saw it.

"So. The eyes of a woman, the courage of a man, and the ready tongue of the wise. He will be Res-saldar long after we have fought our last fight, thou and I, Ali Khan!"

And again the Brigadier saw that his words had gone home, though all the answer was:

"That same tongue runs too swiftly for my pleasure."

"Maybe. Yet the child hath spoken well and truly. Thou dost not need to give me proofs of thy courage; thou hast heard my name—and that not once or twice—and no man ever said I held back where the battle rolled. Thou canst help me if thou wilt, though thou knowest I can do my work, do it well, without thee. Fight if ye will, but there are little graves green on the hill-side, and, when fire and sword run through the land, many a time the children suffer for the fathers, though we fight not with the Baba-logue! And is the name of border-thief so sweet that ye hand it lightly down as a child's inheritance? And where dost find dishonor in being one of a nation whose kingdom runs from West to East, and back again to the West—far as the foot of man hath trod? And when brave man meets brave man should they not be friends?"

Once again the Brigadier rose, and as the two strong men looked into each other's eyes, Ali Khan saw a pride of

race and a courage as great as his own, and, kneeling, laid his hands in those of the Englishman.

And then, day after day, the hill-men poured into camp, bringing in their rifles; the chiefs met a most resplendent Brigadier in solemn durbar; the headsmen of the villages brought tribute; gave up the men who had burned and looted the forts, and once more took the Oath of Allegiance.

For if a man sins, he must pay for it himself with his own skin, and as for the oath of a border-tribe, it is lightly taken and lightly broken! But Ali Khan took the oath of blood-brother to the Brigadier and kept it to his dying day.

And the hellograph flashed and winked more jubilantly than ever, and the telegraph took up the tale, so that men at Peshawur and Lahore and beyond the sea declared that the Brigadier was the right man in the right place, and agreed, with much wagging of heads, that he alone could manage the frontier tribes.

But there are makers of the Empire whose names no future historian will record, and it was only one of the despised women who, finding the Baba disconsolately watching his friends march away, caught him up and hugged him, crying,

"That is thy work, Baba; 'tis thy little hands that have drawn us home again!"

"Let me down, let me down!" screamed the Baba, in abject terror lest any of the Goorkhas should see him being kissed by a woman.

And as she still hugged him, the Baba slapped her hard.

"Dost strike me? Little son of a pig!" Condign punishment followed, and as the last Highlander swung down the path, the Baba once more pondered sadly over the unfathomable foolishness of women.

M. E. Owen Snow.

THE MONTENEGRIN JUBILEE.

Exactly half a century will have passed this autumn since the accession of Danilo the Second to the "rough rock-throne" of Montenegro led to the conversion of that remarkable State from a theocratic government to a temporal principality. Ever since the year 1516 the Black Mountain had been governed by a prince-bishop, or *vladika*; and since 1696 that dignity had been made hereditary in the family of Petrovich, of which the present Prince Nicholas is the worthy descendant. But the inconveniences of a system which prevented the Montenegrin ruler from marrying, the consequent transmission of the hereditary headship of the country from uncle to nephew instead of from father to son, and the banter of the Czar Nicholas the First induced Danilo to change the time-honored practice which had made Montenegro unique among the European States of the nineteenth century. Early in 1852 the new ruler's proposals were accepted by the Montenegrin senate, and it was solemnly announced that Montenegro was a secular State under the hereditary government of a Prince. Since that date the wild and unknown highland principality, which was generally regarded by Europe as a nest of brigands and savages, has entered the great family of European nations, and its reigning house has become connected with some of the most distinguished of European monarchs. Now, therefore, when just fifty years have passed since the accession of the first Petrovich prince and when his nephew and successor, the real founder of modern Montenegro, is about to celebrate his own sixtieth birthday, it may be worth while to trace the progress made in one of the most interesting and least known of existing States.

Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Austria,
nube.

Such was the saying which in by-gone days attributed the piecemeal formation of the Hapsburg dominions to a policy of marriage rather than of war. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, in spite of a recent protest of his affection, does not love the Austrians, whose occupation of the Herzegovina, that cradle of the Petrovich family, he can never forget, and whose representatives at his capital have not been always to his liking; but he seems to have taken to heart the Austrian maxim of matrimonial politics. Neither of his two wars against the Turks, in 1862 and again in 1876-7, though they both attracted the attention of Europe, and the latter ultimately led to the large increase of his territory and its extension down to the Adriatic, has been of such service to him as the possession of seven charming and marriageable daughters. The union of one of them, now dead, with Prince Peter Karageorgevich, the head of the rival Servian family which disputes with the house of Obrenovich the uneasy Servian throne, has placed Prince Nicholas in the position of the near relative of a claimant, possibly in that of a claimant himself, to that troublesome heritage. From time to time the historic dream of a re-union of two Serb States, separated since the fatal field of Kossovo, under the sceptre of a new Dushan, more fortunate than the mediæval monarch of that name, has vexed the pacific slumbers of the Prince. The absence of an heir in the Obrenovich family has led some Servian politicians to cast their eyes on the ruler of Montenegro; and others, aware that Austria-Hungary would

never permit a union of the two Serb States across her possessions, which might serve as a magnet for the Austrian and Hungarian Serbs, have lately talked of the Prince's second son Mirko, now twenty-two years of age, as a possible successor of King Alexander. Prince Mirko is a young man of talent, a poet (like his father) and a musician of distinction, one of whose compositions was recently performed in Rome, and he is sure to play a considerable part in the politics of the Balkans. But neither he nor yet his elder brother, the Crown-Prince Danilo, who was married two years ago to the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, has so far been of such social and political service to his father as the present Queen of Italy. The Italian royal marriage was a love affair of the most romantic character, and ever since the accession of his son-in-law to the Italian throne last year, Prince Nicholas has been a personage of much importance. The quidnuncs credit him with the part of a mediator whenever Italy and Russia are desirous of coming into closer relations with one another, and he has even been assumed, without much evidence it is true, to be desirous of breaking up the Triple Alliance for the benefit of his Russian patron and for the furtherance of his own schemes at the cost of Austria. While he has publicly denied the truth of these rumors, Prince Nicholas has adopted the style of a Royal Highness, nominally to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his own accession last year, really to give himself a social status more in accordance with his altered circumstances. Moreover the marriages of two others of his daughters with connections of the Russian Imperial family, the Grand-Duke Peter Nikolaievich and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and that of yet a fifth daughter with Prince Francis Joseph of Battemberg (a particular favorite of Queen

Victoria) have brought the ruler of the Black Mountain, whose predecessors were regarded as almost outside the pale of civilization, into close personal relations with the heads of both the Russian and the British Empire. Alexander the Third called him his "only friend;" Nicholas the Second, despite his own pacific aims, has furnished him with rifles and ammunition for his warlike subjects; and the Prince's visit to our late Queen three years ago greatly interested both hostess and guest.

As the Prince has two unmarried daughters in reserve, it is possible that he may add yet further to the already long list of his distinguished sons-in-law. Princess Xenia may perhaps hold away in Crete, and Princess Vera, at present too young to think of wedlock, may find in due course an orthodox spouse in Holy Russia. At the same time, these matrimonial alliances, like all good things, have had their disadvantages. When Freeman, exactly a quarter of a century ago, wrote in these columns his memorable article on his visit to Montenegro, that country was poor, but the needs of its sovereign were small. At the opening of the twentieth century, the Black Mountain, even though its area has been so much increased since then, is still a poor land in the main, while the expenditure of the reigning family has been inevitably increased. Frequent journeys, undertaken in royal style, occasional hospitalities at Cetinje when everything has to be brought from Cattaro or Ragusa, the erection and furnishing of a palace for the Crown-Prince and his wife, the greater number of diplomatists who are accredited to the village-capital—all these are sources of additional expense. It is said that on one occasion when the Prince returned from one of his European tours, there was only £20 in the treasury. Hence, Montene-

gro, like every other Balkan State, has undergone of late years a financial crisis, which, after attempts to raise a loan in England and France, culminated in the inspection of its finances by a Russian expert. Hopes are, however, entertained of a rich return from the newly discovered deposits of iron ore in the principality, and a narrow-gauge railway, the first ever projected along the granite sides of the Montenegrin mountains, is to be constructed for the purpose of developing them from the inland town of Nikshich down to the beautiful bay of Antivari. There is something incongruous in the association of the steam-engine with the

warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred
years,

but in these days the Prince and his hereditary enemy are on visiting terms, while, in spite of his poetic temperament, the royal dramatist of Cetinje has always had a keen eye to the main chance. He has, no doubt, been partly responsible for the newly developed interest which the Italian Government has been taking in the commercial possibilities of Albania, and he has long cherished the scheme of a great Slav railway which shall unite the Russian, Roumanian and Servian systems with the Adriatic at the now almost deserted port of San Giovanni di Medua, once famous as the scene of Skanderbeg's heroic achievements, where Italy has just established a post-office to supplement the efforts of the new Italian steamship service from Bari to Scutari. But neither funds nor the political good-will of other Powers than Russia are forthcoming for the vast undertaking of the Pan-Slav railway. Meanwhile, like the practical man that he is, the Prince has devoted his energies to the making of roads, and has connected all the principal

towns of his dominion with highways, which are indeed a marvel after the miserable bridle-tracks of Turkey. He avowedly aims at the gradual conversion of his people from the militant to the commercial state of society under the auspices of his benevolent despotism. The philosopher and the economist may rejoice when this transformation is accomplished, but the Montenegrin of the future will in that case be a less romantic country than the Homeric land which, till some twenty years or so ago, had been the scene of one long Iliad of war.

But the Prince, though aware of the importance of trade, has not neglected his defences. He has thoroughly reorganized his military system, and at the present moment he could put upwards of forty thousand armed men into the field, who, if useless or nearly so, outside their own country, would rival the Boers at guerilla tactics within its rocky boundaries. Occasional brushes with the Albanians, though much less frequent than of old, still keep the warriors' hands in, and a permanent instructional battalion has been introduced, which is the most lasting memorial of the bicentenary of the Petrovich dynasty five years ago.

Although he personally superintends almost every department of government and takes a deep interest in foreign, and especially English, politics, the Prince has also found time for much literary work. His best known drama, "The Empress of the Balkans," which, written like all his other works in Serb, has been translated into one German and two different Italian versions, deals with the heroic age of Montenegro in the fifteenth century and was composed under the influences of the last war with Turkey. It is thus not only an historical play, but contains obvious allusions to the existing state of the Balkan Peninsula at the time of its composition. In such a

sentiment as that put into the mouth of one of the characters, "Every man of Serbia is our brother, whatever be his religion," we may see an allusion to the idea of a great Servian kingdom which shall embrace the Catholic Croats no less than the orthodox Serbs. In the proud boast of a Montenegrin, "Our land, if it be no fountain of riches, yet conceals something great and noble," we may read the Prince's own conviction of Montenegro's inborn superiority over all other Balkan lands. When one of those women of Montenegro, to whom the play is dedicated, complains that "a rapacious people has made its nest in Dalmatia," we may be sure that the royal dramatist is thinking not of Venice but of her Austrian successor, who since 1814 has been his neighbor, and has this summer, by means of the new railway down to the Bocche di Cattaro, made it possible to throw masses of soldiers upon his frontier at that point. "Oh," exclaims Ivan Beg, "Oh, that Bulgarians, Serbs and Croats would give each other their hands in a brotherly embrace and esteem the wisdom of the Greek people! Then, indeed, would very different songs resound from Olympus to the Drave and the riven races would proudly raise their brows, now bent in the dust beneath the cruel yoke;" in these words we can see a hint of that Balkan Confederation which has been the Utopian dream of many a statesman. When another Montenegrin plaintively says, "Not even from our victory can we derive advantage," it is in reality the Prince who is venting his anger upon Europe for handing over the Herzegovina, where the blood of his people was spilled in the last war against the Turks, to the Austro-Hungarian Occupation. Take this again, "The principalities of the Balkans are not great, but neither are they the petty money with which Princes can pay their debts to the Sul-

tan or to other strangers;" this is, in fact, a protest against the diplomatic practice of treating the Balkan States as pawns or counters in the great game of high politics. In short, the "Balkanska Carica," which has often been performed in the theatre at Cetinje, may be described as the Prince's political creed no less than his dramatic masterpiece. Nor is the plot lacking in interest, with its strong patriotic motive—the refusal of a Montenegrin woman to share with a traitor, her lover, the proffered prize of the Balkan crown. Unfortunately, in translations at least, the drama has not been very successful. At Florence once I bought a copy for a penny from an itinerant vendor who had a whole barrow-load of them. So even a royal author is not sure of readers even in his son-in-law's kingdom; *habent sua fata libelli*. A second drama, published in 1895, and entitled "Prince Arvanit," is also founded on the national history, while his Royal Highness, who had hitherto confined his literary labors to the drama and to poetry, has nearly finished a historical novel upon the foundation of Montenegro. Naturally one who writes in so unfamiliar a language as Serb, is at a great disadvantage outside the limits of the scattered Servian race; but in Dalmatia, in Belgrade and in his own country, the Prince is regarded as the first of living Servian poets. Nor does he disdain the humbler work of journalism. His hand may sometimes be traced in the Cetinje paper, "The Voice of the Black Mountain," and he is supposed to have inspired the ill-starred "Nevesinje," which, after a series of strong attacks on the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, collapsed some two years ago. Few sovereigns have been the objects of more frequent interviews—I have myself more than once had the honor of an audience—and in his case they are never a mere tissue of diplomatic

platitudes. For the Prince, though an excellent diplomatist, does not disdain that plain speaking of which in an earlier age Lord Palmerston was a master; and his eldest son, who recently told an Italian journalist that Austria regarded Montenegro as a carpet over which she could walk into Albania, in this respect, at least, imitates the example of his sire.

That Montenegro has made great progress in the last fifty years is obvious; but it must be admitted that the principality has now reached a critical stage in its development. Prince Nicholas remarked, when he was at Belgrade in 1896, that his people would never consent to do finicking work such as he saw the subjects of King Alexander doing in the cigarette factories of the Servian capital. It cannot fail to be difficult to accustom the warlike sons of Czrnagora to the regular routine of modern business. All their ideas and all their ideals are of the olden time, and a Montenegrin, away from his own country, is apt to grow homesick and to feel himself an exile, even though he be the *kavass* of an Embassy at Constantinople or a policeman in Crete. So long as Prince Nicholas lives, his Montenegrins will cheerfully follow him into whatever channel he chooses to direct their activities; they would prefer fighting to a quiet life, but if a hard fate denies them the joys of Albanian raids or skirmishes with Austrian sentries on the frontier of the Herzegovina, then, to please their lord, or *gospodar*, they will live in peace with their neighbors. But Prince Nicholas will be sixty this autumn and has already been forty-one years upon the throne—a record surpassed by the Austrian Emperor alone among European rulers and very rare in so volcanic a land as the Balkan

Peninsula, where assassination or enforced abdication usually cuts short a sovereign's career.¹ Now the Montenegrin Crown-Prince, though a mighty hunter and a young man of agreeable manners and good education, is not likely to prove a second Nicholas; indeed, there is no doubt that the reigning Prince of Montenegro is a man of exceptional ability, who may well be compared with that able organizer, the King of Roumania, in his very different sphere. Like the late M. Stamboloff, he is, it is true, *un géant dans un entresol*, and has never had full room to stretch his limbs and use his faculties to the extent which would have been possible if he had been the Autocrat of all the Russias, instead of the Autocrat of little Montenegro, "the smallest among peoples" still, despite the Berlin Congress, the Dulcigno Demonstration, and the subsequent limitations of its territory. Of course the position of a Crown-Prince gives little scope for the display of talents, whether under an absolute or a constitutional government, and Prince Nicholas is not the man to resign any part of his prerogatives to his eldest son. But Prince Danilo is not considered, by those who know him well, to be of the stuff of which great rulers are made, and in the Balkans more than elsewhere princes must be accomplished diplomatists and strong characters, if they wish to hold their own in that maelstrom of intrigue and mutual rivalries which statesmen call the Eastern Question. Besides, success no less than failure, might prove fatal to Montenegro. An enlarged Montenegro would cease to be the Montenegro that we know, and the virtues and qualities that have made and preserved it so far might disappear if it became a second Servia.

¹ The last Prince of Montenegro and Prince Michael of Servia were assassinated; the last King of Greece, the last King of Servia, the last

Prince of Bulgaria, and the last Prince of Roumania, abdicated.

The whole position of affairs in that part of the Balkan Peninsula has been enormously modified since 1878, and not to the advantage of Montenegrin aspirations. From the moment when Austria was confirmed as the successor of Venice, in her possession of Dalmatia, after the nine years' interlude of French rule in that beautiful province between 1805 and 1814, it was clear that, sooner or later, the *hinterland* of the rocky strip of coast would fall to the share of the Hapsburgs. When that event at last occurred, Prince Nicholas found to his infinite disgust that for a decaying Power in the shape of Turkey he had now as neighbor on that side, a civilizing and strong Power, which, shut off from Northern Italy since 1866, had become conscious of its manifest destiny as an Eastern Empire. The patent success of Austro-Hungarian rule in the occupied provinces, despite occasional discontent among the orthodox Serbs fomented by Russian or Russophil papers, has converted a temporary occupation into a practically permanent possession in all but the name. Side by side with this the expenditure of vast sums on the fortifications of the Bocche di Cattaro, which are fast taking the place of Pola as the Austrian Portsmouth, the military railway aforesaid, and the projected extension of the Bosnian railway from Sarajevo to the Austrian outposts in the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar, all tend to tighten the hold of the Austrian eagle on the Montenegrin frontier. If, therefore, the Prince expects further territorial expansion, he must seek it at the expense of the Turk in Albania. It has, indeed, been a maxim of diplomacy for the last two centuries that, whether he be conquered or be conqueror, the Turk pays, as we saw at the conclusion of the Greco-Turkish war of 1897. In fact, we might parody the familiar

Horatian line and write: "Whatever mistake the Greeks commit, the Sultan is punished." But when it comes to a partition of their country, the Albanians, as they showed Europe in 1880, will have something to say, and that warlike race is probably quite a match for even Prince Nicholas's new-model army with all its Russian rifles. Montenegro, therefore, would appear to have reached its greatest area, and it will be well for the Prince's successors if they take to heart the historic saying of Hadrian on his death-bed not to extend the frontiers of the State. The existing arrangements of Montenegrin society, no less than the hostility of neighboring Powers, would be strong arguments in favor of letting well alone.

Even in so unprogressive a society as that of the warriors of the Black Mountain the last half century has marked the invasion of some modern ideas which are slowly but surely affecting the minds of the people. The national costume, formerly universal all along the Dalmatian coast and in the mountains behind it, has almost entirely vanished from Cattaro, though it is still common at Cetinje. The Prince invariably wears it in his own country; yet I have a photograph of him in ordinary attire when on his way to visit England, and his daughters are said to prefer European dress, which is perhaps natural as the rather unbecoming garb of the Montenegrin women scarcely appeals to the eternal feminine. In the future it is probable, if we may judge by the analogy of most other Balkan States, that the hideous clothes of the Western male will become the fashion in those mountains also, especially as the Crown-Princess can, as a foreigner, scarcely hope to exercise the same influence as that very remarkable lady, the present Princess, who by both birth and ideas is a true daughter of Czrnagora.

As more Montenegrins go abroad to study, it is almost inevitable that, despite their intense love of home and innate conservatism, they should bring back with them some foreign notions which may prove scarcely compatible with paternal despotism. Since the Italian marriage intercourse with Italy has become much more frequent, and it is to be hoped that the sight of the Italian cities will not tend to make the sons of Montenegro discontented with their lot. That was the result of the marriage connection between the former princely family and Venice in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, and it ultimately led to the voluntary abdication of the last of the Black Princes and the substitution of the rule of elective Prince-Bishops in his stead. Prince Nicholas is a splendid example to the contrary; for, though educated in Paris, he is a thorough Montenegrin, and holds strong views on the disadvantages of foreign education. But then he is a man of great force of character, who is not easily moulded by his surroundings. The discovery of mines, again, is apt to cause the introduction of some undesirable elements into a primitive society, and the future development of Montenegro, to which Lord Cranborne alluded in the House of Commons last July, when Mr. Sinclair foolishly proposed the abolition of our useful Minister Resident there, can scarcely be accomplished without brushing some of the bloom off the peach. Public education, however, is one of the boasts of the Montenegrin ruler; yet from what I have seen of its results in some other Balkan communities, I doubt whether it will tend to make the people happier. For, whatever may be the case in Western Europe, the effects of our culture upon the virgin soil of the Balkan Peninsula are not always satisfactory. The late King Milan, who had all the advan-

tages of Western training, was a far less reputable ruler than his great predecessor, Milosh, who spent his youth in tending his father's flocks in the Servian valleys, nor can the Parisianized Turk in a black coat compare in respect of sterling qualities, with the untutored peasant who is one of the best soldiers in the world. For in a Homeric society such as Montenegro it is primitive virtues and primitive qualities that are needed; and if such a State once enters on a period of transition, it is apt to lose in rugged strength more than it gains in polish. As it is, the Montenegrins are nature's gentlemen, and in stature and physique they are the worthy descendants of the men who held that spot alone in all the Balkans against the Turkish hosts. But warfare has changed much in these latter days, and bravery and physical prowess are no longer as in the time of the Prince's heroic father Mirko, the victor of Grahovo, the surest weapons in the fight. In internal administration, too, differentiation of functions is sure to go on. As we saw, since 1851, the Prince has no longer been a priest as well; although he is still head of the judicial system, the famous tree outside his palace, under which he used to sit to hear causes, has been lately blown down, and its fall may prove an ill omen for the personal exercise of judicial functions by the ruler. He will probably always continue to lead his people on the field of battle, as every Montenegrin ruler, priestly or lay, has done; but, as has been pointed out, in Montenegro as elsewhere there is a tendency towards the formation of a standing army on European lines.

For every reason it is to be hoped that this most heroic people may preserve its independence and its form of government intact. In these democratic days it is desirable to have a pattern of benevolent autoc-

racy, where the sovereign governs as well as reigns, and the name of Parliament is unknown. No autocrat has better illustrated the practical merits of such a system for a small and primitive State than has Prince Nicholas; and while representative institutions have proved a farce in Bulgaria, and a doubtful blessing in Roumania and Greece, the two best governed Balkan States are precisely those which have been submitted to an enlightened autocracy. In this age of capitalism, small States, like small tradesmen, seem to have a gloomy future before them. But Montenegro's heroic his-

tory entitles her to the perpetuation of that honorable independence which she won by the valor of her own right arm, and the present jubilee of the princely office finds her better known and more highly considered in Europe than she has ever been in all the five centuries of her eventful existence. Let us hope that Prince Nicholas may live long, to give the world practical lessons in personal government, to enrich the literature of the Serb people, and to share with the King of Denmark the congenial part of father-in-law to all Europe.

W. Miller.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Lord Kelvin, who may now be described as the grand old man of the scientific world, delivered ten days ago a lecture before the British Association the object of which, he stated, was to show that "our universe, and by universe he meant not the solar system, but the wider space from which the light of the most distant star could reach our telescopes, was a small affair." His argument was a little beyond the grasp of non-scientific minds; but there is such a thing as authority, though so many deny it nowadays, and we are quite content to believe, on the strength of Lord Kelvin's opinion, that the visible universe, even as the learned know it, is very small. What we want to discuss is not that, for which we have not the equipment, but the very palpable fact that the smallness of the universe which Lord Kelvin describes is to ordinary minds a vastness so inconceivable that they can scarcely think out the meaning of the terms employed to convey a gen-

eral idea of its size. They can read, and perhaps remember, that the light of the farthest star of which we are cognizant takes to reach the earth a period equal to three and a half million times the life of our sun, but the words convey to them no clearer meaning than a quintillion conveys to the boy who is learning notation. It is utterly beyond the reach of their imaginations, and nothing, not even an object beyond the reach of our eyes, is so completely hidden from us as that which, while we acknowledge its existence, our imaginations do not reach. Yet they may reach it some day. There is a growth in man's mental power, slow as it is, and a generation may come, and that speedily, which realizes the greatness of Lord Kelvin's universe as fully as some of us now realize that of the solar system. What, we wonder, being in the wondering mood, will be the effect of that widening of the mental horizon? Shall we, to begin with, feel depressed in the

scale of creation or elevated?—an important question, for men who feel themselves hopelessly unequal to their environment soon lose energy, one reason at least why Asiatics are unequal to Europeans. One would reply, almost without thinking, that men would feel depressed, for if, as Lord Kelvin supposes, there are in our universe, or fraction of the universe, a thousand million suns, each with its probable dependencies or planets, there may be—many would say must be—billions of sentient beings like ourselves, or above ourselves, and men must lose to themselves something of their value in the great scheme. An elector in Marylebone can hardly think himself as politically potent as an elector in, say, Newry, and if Marylebone contained a million people could hardly reckon his vote as anything at all. He can be in that universe only an infinitesimal fraction, less than a grain of sand, and what, when it comes to building, is the worth of a grain of sand? Why worry at being blown about, or be glad at being blown upwards instead of downwards, or try to think whether the builder cares about us or is indifferent to our fate? If we pass what matter is it, or if we remain?

That seems to us the instinctive reply which every man at first would make; and yet it is a false reply, and, what is better, can be proved to be false. The higher the being in the scale of creation the more clearly would he realize that vastness, and the less would he be depressed for it. Lord Kelvin realizes it, for example, as his cabman does not and cannot, and is not depressed; and if men ever arrive who may justly regard Lord Kelvin as an ignoramus, and who realize the whole stellar universe as he realizes, say, the city he lives in, they will be still less depressed than he is. To say otherwise is to deprecate all knowledge, and to declare

that the Digger Indian thinks better of his place in creation than the cultivated Englishman. Man really measures himself by his intellectual position, and is depressed or elevated as he perceives the extent of his own powers. He is the bigger being, not the smaller being, because he finds in himself the capacity to realize by sheer mental power a vastness in the universe of which his eyes and his experience and his instincts tell him nothing. The planet Neptune is a large ball, but is it great as compared with the greatness of the brain which found it, though invisible from distance, and had even before that accurately ascertained its weight? A mountain is vast, as Kingsley once wrote in other words, but is it greater than the engineer who tunnels it? The really depressing thing would not be to realize the true vastness of even that small fraction of the universe which is within our ken, but to discover, as some observers do, high mental powers in insects which we regard almost as things. That *might* make us doubt whether we were not things too, wholly deceived by our own vanity in imagining ourselves great and separate or specially endowed. Yet there must be, if analogy is any guide, beings within the universe to whom we are as insects, yet whom knowledge of our powers does not depress at all. The grades of intellect must be endless, and the more perfectly we understand the lowest the loftier must become our appreciation of our own for being able to understand them. We need not add that in infinity there is no great or little, for, in spite of De Quincey's angels, we have no proof that created substance is infinite—if it were, how could it be increased, or what would remain for creative power to do?—and most men use the word "infinity" as if it were a rope stretching endlessly only one way, and we may still, without

speculating on that problem, affirm that a full recognition of the bewildering vastness even of what we know need not daunt the spirit which recognizes it. The sense of vastness should be, and is, a stimulant, not a drug causing mental paralysis.

We are excluding the religious argument, the certainty that with wider knowledge there must come a truer conception and more close realization of the creating mind, and content ourselves with the humbler evidence of our statement. There is, for instance, a bit of human history which confirms it directly. It happened to the men of Western Europe at the end of the fifteenth century—how one wishes that one had lived then—to be suddenly made conscious that the physical world around them was far vaster than they had previously dreamed. The heavens rolled back, the earth was seen to be on travel through space, a New World rose out of the bosom of the previously impassable ocean, and the few civilized men who understood what these changes in knowledge meant realized that the habitat which they had thought so great was but a morsel even in the world, less than a morsel in the universe. The result, so far from depression, was such an exaltation of the human mind among those who

perceived the new facts that it seemed for a time as if in its new vanity and joy and energy of being it would destroy itself in very gladness. The rejoicing spirit of "humanism" threatened for a moment to extinguish most that was good in the most intelligent races. Southern Europe, in particular, always quicker than the North, "went fey" with its new knowledge. Fortunately, the movement was accompanied by a religious revival, or the white race might have been composed of Borgias, the nearest approach to demons in intelligence, and in the liking for evil that the world has seen, and in a short time the dangerous mood passed away; but ever since the Western world has been stronger, brighter, more intelligent and *better* for that wonderful spring forward in the knowledge of our fraction of the universe. What need, however, of arguing when we all know that it is not the Newtons who are necessarily cowed by recognizing the vastness which to them, as to us, must be the first impression derived from broader knowledge of the universe. Ours is a poor little planet, and we are probably low down in the hierarchy of sentient beings, but we are part of a mighty federation, and we may rise—we may rise.

The Spectator.

JEAN INGELOW.*

It is pleasant to see this unassuming little memoir of the true poet and woman who lived among us so recently, and will ever be held in kind remembrance. The author does not know very much about Jean Ingelow and her forbears, but she knows a

great deal more than any one else, and tells it well and kindly. On her mother's side Jean was descended from a family of fairly well-to-do gentlefolks who had for many generations lived on their own little estates, and were proud of their descent and of all that belonged to them. These estates were in Aberdeenshire, and in that county

* "Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow." (Wells Gardner & Co.)

her great-grandfather Kilgour spent his days in an old house—Kilmundie was its name—

with his wife, his twenty children and his ghosts. In those days it was the custom for the family to have their meals at the upper end of the dining-hall, and the servants at the lower. In Scotland it was also then common for families to use peat for fuel, and in the raftered roof of Kilmundie House piles of these brick-shaped peats used to be stored.

The ghosts, however, did nothing worse than fling the peats from one end of the garret to the other at a certain period of the evening, so the Kilgours had all the distinction of possessing a family ghost without much of the annoyance.

George Kilgour, Jean Ingelow's grandfather, was the nineteenth of these twenty children, and not unnaturally went to London to seek his fortune. He found it, married a Miss Thornborough, and had twelve children, the second of whom married Mr. Ingelow, and was the mother of Jean. We are told very little about Mr. Ingelow, except that he had intellectual tastes and was business-like, but we seem to gather that he was a banker. George Ingelow took his wife to live in Boston, where on alternate days he and his bride were expected to dine with his parents, on which occasions the biographer expresses a hope that the parents looked

indulgent on their son's young wife in her short, very short, sleeves, her fair, uncovered shoulders, and her embroidered muslins and satins, with their gored, scanty skirts, sufficiently short to give a glimpse of the white silk stockings and the sandalled shoes displaying a very pretty foot and ankle.

From time to time Jean Ingelow's mother used to tell her daughter little

incidents and memories of these Boston days,

one being that she was sometimes allowed to play in her mother's room when the maid dressed her mistress for dinner. It was then the fashion for quite young women to have their hair cut short, in order that they might wear whatever colored wigs or "heads," as they were called, might be considered most suitable for the dress chosen for the occasion. The little child playing on the floor remembered how the maid would say, "Which head will you wear to-day, ma'am—your flaxen head, or your auburn head?" and so on.

When her children were young Mrs. Ingelow taught them herself, and very dull some of the lessons must have been, for they were clever children; and for poetry she gave them Cowper's "Task" to read and learn, and as a French reading-book "Télémaque." Jean appears to have borne this patiently, but "Hang the fellow, he's always blubbing!" was her brother's exclamation. Even in early childhood—much earlier than the "Télémaque" days—Jean Ingelow showed a bent towards poetry by trying to improve the rhymes of some hymns which dissatisfied her ear.

From Boston the Ingelows moved to Ipswich. It was there that Mrs. Ingelow discovered that her Jean was a poet, for on opening the shutters of the child's bedroom windows to keep the sun out and the room cool, she found that her little daughter had covered the back of them with verses. Poor little poet! She was brought up by a mother who venerated Charles Simeon, Legh Richmond, Isaac Taylor, etc., and she had never been allowed to learn to dance, to go to a theatre or race of any kind, or any other worldly amusement; only to tea parties at which serious subjects were

discussed, and which ended with supper and prayers.

"When Jean grew up," writes the author of the "Recollections,"

she, like other imaginative and romantic girls, had her dreams of love, and she had her lovers . . . and I think, though she never said so, that one handsome young sailor nearly won her heart.

Thus writes her friend and biographer, but she says she does not know whether Jean Ingelow ever loved him or not. We feel absolutely sure that she did, and so truly that she never married any one else; and we further believe, but only from certain of her poems and from her interest in Arctic expeditions, and from speeches which fell from her when talking intimately, that he must have been an officer who sailed with Sir John Franklin on that last expedition from which there was no return, and that for love of him she lived single all her days. All this may be mere fancy, but her poems seem to lend color to it.

When Miss Ingelow and her family came to London and lived first in Holland Street and then in Holland Villas Road, she had (or could have had after her poems were published) almost any society that she wished for, and she did gather a circle of eminent and pleasant people about her. She was too much of a poet, however, not to pine for the country very often, and from time to time she stole away to enjoy it. "I felt I *must* see something green and a rock or two," she says in an old letter to the writer of this review,

so I set off by myself to Buxton and explored the valley between that and Bakewell. How lovely it is! Then I joined my sister and brother-in-law again in the depths of the Matlock valley just opposite the High Tor. I over-fatigued myself a good deal, but it ap-

peased my longing for the time, and sometimes if I am pent up in London for a great many months, I grow quite ill from pining after the sounds and sights of nature. This is a sweet place not far from Savernake. We are buried in the depths of the rural England that does not even read newspapers; a night-jar came last night and buzzed round the house, and sometimes we see owls. I am sorry D— is changed; dear creature, it is the overstrain that she has endured so long. It occurs to me that I too am changed, I feel so dull and devoid of that delight which rural life used always to give me. If I can get strong, perhaps it will come back; in the meantime I feel so dull and deteriorated, and so unable to get over that one illness. There is a peculiar joy in hunting over an old library—the books in this house are almost all of an ecclesiastical order. I do not like that—religious books are deeply interesting often, but the bones of theology I cannot pick . . . Adieu! What a stupid letter!"

Strange to say, this is much the brightest and best letter her correspondent ever had from her. She was not a good letter-writer; she talked much better than she wrote.

She was a very good friend. Her friendship with Calverley enabled her to bear being *very* severely parodied by him without withdrawing her regard. She had a great deal more to bear on that occasion than most people are aware of, for just before "Fly Leaves" went to press he happened to be staying in Lincolnshire in the same country-house with her. He told her something about it during the afternoon, and said he should like her to read the bit about herself and see if there was anything in it that she objected to. It came to her just as she was dressing for dinner. It was longer and much more severe than as it now stands, and she so very much objected to it that she could scarcely finish dressing or bear to meet him. "How-

ever, I went downstairs," she said, "and you may imagine what an evening I spent." He, however, partly saw, and she partly told him how very much she disliked it—anyhow, he took the worst verses out. "He preferred his friend to his poem," was what she said; and in her case who would not

The Athenaeum.

have done so? Her biographer is wrong in thinking that the copyright dinners (so called because she spent what she received for her copyrights in giving them) ended when she left Holland Street. Twelve (or was it six?) work-house inmates dined once a week in Holland Villas Road.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish a discussion of modern literary celebrities under the title of "Fame and Fiction."

The J. B. Lippincott Company are to publish in this country the "Temple Bible," to which reference was recently made in this department. J. M. Dent & Co. are the English publishers.

An International Congress of Historical Sciences is to be held at Rome next spring. Count Enrico di S. Martino, Municipal Assessor of Rome, is the president of the executive committee.

The Vatican Press has issued a specially printed edition of Leo XIII's "New Century Ode" together with the various translations of it made into foreign tongues. A copy of the work has been sent to each translator.

The Crown Prince of Siam is entering the field of literature, like other royalties. He is about to publish a collection of essays on "The War of the Polish Succession," which represents the fruits of his studies at Oxford.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce an edition from new plates, in one volume

or in three, according to the taste of the purchaser, of Count Tolstol's masterpiece, "Anna Karenina." The translation is the work of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole and is direct from the Russian, and with the approval of the author.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of "Punch," who will be remembered for his many "Happy Thoughts," has had another, in the form of a resolve to publish his reminiscences. Mr. Burnand has had a wide literary acquaintance, and he has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote to draw upon.

L. C. Page & Co. are to add ten volumes this season to their "Cosy Corner" series of juvenile books. The list includes "A Little Puritan Pioneer" by Edith Robinson; "Betty of Old Mackinaw" by Frances Margaret Fox; "A Bad Penny" by John T. Wheelwright; "Madam Liberality" by Mrs. Ewing, and other pleasant stories for the young by well-known writers.

It seems odd to see Miss Johnston spoken of in English literary journals as "the author of 'The Old Dominion' and 'By Order of the Company,'" until it is remembered that those were the titles which, because of conflict

with the titles of books earlier published, were given in England to "The Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold."

Besides the volumes which we have already mentioned, which the Macmillans are to add this autumn to their series of "English Men of Letters," there is to be a volume on Ruskin by Frederic Harrison. The Macmillans are also to publish a volume containing the addresses which Mr. Harrison delivered on his recent visit to this country. Five new volumes are promised in their "Foreign Statesmen" series.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's play on the subject of Francesca da Rimini, which was written for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, was originally in English. A rough French version which Mr. Crawford read to Madame Bernhardt, was written by the author himself, but the actual version to be played will be made by Monsieur Marcel Schwob, and will be merely an accurate translation of Mr. Crawford's work.

"The Oxford English Dictionary" gives Mr. J. G. Holyoake in the "Daily News" of March 13, 1878, as the first authority for the use of the word "Jingo" in its now accepted sense. But the word was used by Sir George Trevelyan in a speech at Selkirk, which was reported in the "London Times" of January 12, 1878; and it was probably from him that Mr. Holyoake borrowed it.

Mr. Alfred J. Church, a voluminous English writer, best known by his "Stories from Homer" and "Stories from Virgil," has communicated to the "Westminster Gazette" some particulars concerning the profits of his forty years of literary work. During this period, he has produced, singly or in collaboration, sixty-two volumes. Eight school books, of which a quarter of a

million copies have been sold, brought him total profits amounting to \$3,350. The whole amount received from all his books, of which about 800,000 copies have been sold, is approximately \$33,250, or an average of about \$830 a year. These are not figures which tempt into literary activities.

Mr. Henry T. Coates, the well-known Philadelphia publisher, writing *con amore* and with a full knowledge of his subject, presents in a compact little volume of about 150 pages "A Short History of the American Trotting and Pacing Horse" from the landing of "Messenger" in 1788 to the performances of "Cresceus" the present year. The book contains graphic narratives of the greatest achievements on the turf, with hints and suggestions for training, track laying, etc., in a form calculated to interest, not horse jockeys, but horse lovers. Henry T. Coates & Co.

Mr. George James Bayles's volume on "Woman and the Law" (The Century Co.) is not a technical legal compendium; still less is it a controversial discussion, pro or con. It represents simply an attempt to acquaint American women with the facts relating to their real status under the laws, with reference first to domestic, next to property, and finally to public relations. Simply written, systematically arranged and compiled directly from the statutes of the various states, it puts at the disposal of women and of others interested in the general subject, fresh and accurate information. An exhaustive index makes reference easy.

Hundreds of boys and girls who followed the adventures of "Tilda Jane," as Marshall Saunders detailed them, week by week, in the "Youth's Companion," will be eager to recommend them to their friends now that they are published in book form by L. C. Page

& Co. A runaway from an orphan asylum of the old, rigid type, "Tilda Jane is a girl of marked individuality. Her experiences among the Maine woods, across the Canada line, and in "Grampa" Dillson's inhospitable home are of just the sort to interest young readers, and they are told with a realism admirably adapted to enhance their effect.

The distinguishing characteristics of the new hymn-book "Gloria Deo," which the Funk & Wagnalls Company publish, is that every hymn is printed with appropriate music, with the words so carefully arranged between the braces of music that no one who can read music at all can experience any difficulty in following them. This arrangement especially fits the volume for congregational singing; a purpose which is further helped by the non-denominational character of the selections and by the inclusion of some of the noblest and most familiar of the old hymns and tunes, with others that are newer. The general arrangement is topical, and the selections are intended for any form of religious service.

Although the twenty years, more or less, that have passed since Bradford Torrey published the first of his delightful nature-studies have seen an astonishing increase in the number of writers on such subjects, his books still hold their place among the first in popular appreciation and genuine worth. It is his peculiar charm that he never wanders so far afield among the birds and squirrels as to lose sight of human interests, but is always on the watch for those symbolisms and analogies which relate the world of outdoor life to the world of man. "Footling it in Franconia" is a series of sketches made among the New Hampshire hills. They will be read with the

quiet, tranquil enjoyment which Mr. Torrey's work always gives. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Funnier by far than the efforts of the most brilliant professional humorists is the unconscious humor of the actual answers to questions put to public school children, grouped together in Caroline B. Le Row's little volume "English as She is Taught," of which The Century Company publish a new edition, with a preface by Mark Twain. For example, these from the group of political answers: "Congress is divided into civilized, half civilized and savage."—"The first Conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia."—"The three departments of the government is the President rules the world, the governor rules the state, the mayor rules the city."—"The Articles of Confederation were made by the Confederates and the Constitution by all the people."

An amateur autograph-collector of ample means but failing faculties, with two attractive nieces and a physician a little in love with both of them; an adventuress and her scapegrace brother; an Episcopal clergyman of celibate views, and a philanthropist subject to annually-recurring attacks of dipsomania—such are the chief *dramatis personæ* of S. Weir Mitchell's latest novel. The plot of "Circumstance" is as much out of the common as the characters; but, as is usually true of Dr. Mitchell's fiction, the psychological and pathological interest would predominate even without the emphasis which his professional reputation gives it. Like "Characteristics," the volume is full of sententious, epigrammatic passages, well worth copying into an "extract-book," if such were still in vogue. Its writer has poured into it, with a lavish hand, the varied knowledge of men and books accumulated during his long and brilliant career. The Century Co.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Whether in love or mockery meant,
May to December welcome sent.

December stole from his caverns white
And came in doubt under cover of
night.

At the gate of the garden he took his
stand
May went down to him, held his hand;

Led him everywhere, showed him all,
Bud and blossom on trellis and wall,

Warm sap throbbing in sucker and
shoot,
Small soft spheres just setting for
fruit;

Even taught him at day's first sign,
To peer through a chink at the sleep-
ing vine—

Then, for the eastern sky was red,
"They are lost who linger, fair maid,"
he said,
And back to his ice-bound empire fled.

* * * * *

The light of the newborn day revealed
Wondrous beauty in garden and field.

Never a leaf but a glittering gem,
Never a bough but a diadem.

May cried out, 'twixt pleasure and
shame,
Sorrowful tears to her lashes came,

"O bountiful guest! I deemed thee cold.
And this thou givest is wealth untold!

"In every rosebud a ruby lies,
And even the daisies have opals for
eyes."

So, marvelling greatly, and well con-
tent,
Hither and thither awhile she went.

* * * * *

Fear to her heart on a sudden smote;
Why were they silent, the linnet's
throat,

The hum of the bees and the black-
bird's note?

Under a jewelled bough she stopped,
Blossom and bud had shrivelled and
dropped!

Over a bird her hand she prest,
The mother lay dead in the new-filled
nest!

Then she shuddered, for then she
knew;
Up to her eyes her mantle drew
And sank to her knees in the frozen
dew.

December still in his wintry way
Smiles a little at thought of May.

May still mourns—she has cause to
remember—
Her one mad frolic with chill Decem-
ber.

John S. Arkwright.

THE WELLS OF ELIM.

Elim, Elim! Through the sand and
heat,
I toll with heart uplifted, I toll with
bleeding feet;
For Elim, Elim! at the last, I know
That I shall see the palm-trees, and
hear the waters flow.

Elim, Elim! Grows not here a tree,
And all the springs are Marah and bit-
ter thirst to me;
But Elim, Elim! in thy shady glen
Are twelve sweet wells of water, and
palms three score and ten.

V. B.

Good Words.

MATIN SONG.

Arise! Arise!
Dawns not the day without thy wak-
ening eyes;
The mist that on them lies
Delays the blossom of the eastern skies.
'Tis at their light alone the darkness
flies,
And Night, despairing, dies;
Behold thine altar free for sacrifice!
Arise! Arise!

John B. Tabb.

